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Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Old Dutch Church of Sleepy ...

First Reformed Church of Tarrytown (North Tarrytown, N.Y.)., North Tarrytown, N. Y. First reformed church, First Reformed ...

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Two Hundredth Anniversary

of the

Old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow

October 10 and October 11, 1897

Printed by The De Vinne Press
for the Consistory of the First Reformed Church
of Tarrytown, N. Y., 1898

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The Consistory

OF THE

First Reformed Church of Tarrytown

AT THE TIME OF THE

BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN 1897

*

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Introduction.

IN presenting to the public this book which contains the papers which were delivered at the recent Bicentennial of The Old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow, it is thought desirable to give also some account of the building itself, of the historical articles that are connected with it, and of the property of which it is a part. Irving's reference to it is familiar to all, yet is worth repeating once more.

"It stands on a knoll surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent, white-washed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught of the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace."

We could wish that time had left those trees to which Irving refers, but scarcely one remains to-day. The building, however, is much as it was when his pen described it.

It is a small structure, but was doubtless large enough for the congregation which worshiped in it at the beginning. Its walls are more than two feet thick, and were built of the stone of the vicinity, with the exception of certain flat, yellow bricks, which were brought from Holland, and were built around the windows and door. The building is gambrel-roofed and is octagonal in the rear. A small tower surmounts it, in which hangs the little bell, which is

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highly embossed, and was cast to order in Holland in 1685. This bears upon its sides the legend, "Si Deus Pro Nobis Quis Contra Nos?" "If God be for us who can be against us?" The road now runs in front of the church which faces to the west, but originally it ran in the rear; as is well known, Hollanders loved to put the gable of a building toward the street. There are few older edifices of any kind in the country, and probably none to which more interest attaches. It gains an added charm because the pen of Irving has cast a halo of romance about it. Washington's diary too shows that he halted within its shadow.

Originally the door was not where we now find it, at the front, or western end, of the church, but was in the southwestern corner where a window now is, and was approached by a path which left the road some distance to the south, and wound its way through the graves to the entrance. In addition to the gallery which now occupies the western end of the church there was a small, shallow gallery, on the north side, and both were reached by stairs which started from somewhere near the center of the church. There are evidences remaining that the walls within were not plastered originally, but were whitewashed directly on the rough stone. At either side of the pulpit, before the Revolutionary War, were what were called "thrones," elevated places with canopies, in the one of which sat the Lord of the Manor, and in the other his wife. These were torn down after the war, and the places were used as seats for the Elders and Deacons. The pulpit at the beginning was a small octagonal structure, and over it hung a sounding board. In 1837, changes supposed to better the condition of things were made, and, among them, this pulpit was removed and an uglier and more modern one was substituted in its place.

As the time for the celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary approached, the consistory determined to restore the church to a degree. A committee was appointed, and the changes were undertaken and completed under the supervision of Mr. William H. Mersereau as architect. A ceiling of quartered oak corresponding to the one which

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was originally in the church, traces of which remained behind the later plaster ceiling, was put in place; the beams which once crossed from wall to wall, and which had been removed, were restored; and a pulpit, which was as nearly as possible a counterpart of the first one, was set up. This was copied after the pulpit which is to be seen in the audience room of the First Reformed Church of Albany. Those who had seen the original pulpit in the Old Sleepy Hollow Church and this in Albany affirmed that they were facsimiles of each other. We may add that besides these and other changes of a minor character, the building was put in thorough repair. It is believed it is now more like what it was at the start than at any time since the changes of 1837.

As indicated above, there is attached to the church an ancient burying-ground. It has probably been employed for this purpose since the middle of the seventeenth century. Here are buried some of the aborigines; here many of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep"; here the ministers who preached, and the congregations who sat before them, shepherd and flock alike folded together; here rest the black slave, and the soldier of the Revolutionary War, as well as the soldier of the late Civil War. Many a quaint inscription and device may be seen on the leaning and moldering headstones, and here are many forgotten graves. Beneath the floor of the church itself rest the ashes of its builder, and of many of his family, who were buried here down to the time of the Revolutionary War, when the property passed out of their hands. It may be worth while to state that in the early part of the year 1896 the crypt beneath the floor was opened, and a careful examination of the condition and contents of the vault was made for the purpose of ascertaining, if possible, the date of the building of the church or gaining some other historical data. Beyond good and satisfactory evidence that the mortal remains of Vredryk Flypse, the first Lord of the Manor, of his son Adolphus and his grandson Frederic, and some of their successors, were deposited here, nothing of importance was discovered. The crypt contained the remnants of sixteen or more coffins,

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most of them broken or crumbled and many inextricably mixed, having fallen one within the other. The earliest date found was 1702–03. The vault was found to be dry and odorless. It was resealed after investigation, and it is believed there is nothing here to repay the labor of future research.

The First Reformed Church of Tarrytown is the same organization with that which originally worshiped in the old structure, but now occupying another building. In time the old church was found to be too small for the growing congregation, and too much out of the center of the village, so the present structure was built in the northern part of the town in the year 1854, the Rev. Abel T. Stewart being then the pastor of the church. The first manse was built in 1852. This was torn down in the year 1893, and another and much more commodious and comfortable edifice was reared in its stead, which now goes under the name of "The Manse of Sleepy Hollow."

We give below a complete list of the property that is owned by the First Reformed Church:

(1) Real Estate.

(a) Old Dutch Church and Burying Ground.—The church building is fully described above. The burying ground contains two acres of land and adjoins the church on the south, east, and north.

(b) Village Church and Manse.—The church is of red brick, and is situated on the east side of Broadway, a short distance north of the André monument, and was completed in 1854. The church contains a handsome organ, purchased in 1894 at a cost of $3300, and replacing a smaller one. The Manse of Sleepy Hollow was erected, as already stated, in 1893, upon the site of the former Manse, and cost about $7500. The church grounds extend from Broadway back to the old Croton Aqueduct, and contain one and one-half acres.

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(2) SILVER COMMUNION VESSELS AND OTHER PROPERTY.

(a) *Two Chalices, or Beakers*, richly engraved, and a *Silver Baptismal Bowl.* The one chalice bears the name of Catherina Van Cortlant, and the other, as also the baptismal bowl, the name of Fredryck Flypse, as donors.

(b) *The Communion Table* of heavy black oak, made in Holland, and inlaid with ebony. This also was presented to the church by Fredryck Flypse and his wife.

(3) THE CHURCH RECORDS.

(a) *The Old Dutch Records* are made up of several books, or parts, contained in one volume. The actual writing of these records was begun in 1715, but they date back to 1697, the year of the calling of the first minister. They are written in Dutch, with the exception of a few entries made toward the close of the last or the beginning of this century. An excellent translation of these records was made by Mr. Richard Brinkerhoof of New York in 1876. A second book, in English, being in part a continuation of the older book, is also preserved; this brings the record down to the year 1817. From this date until 1837 there seems to be a break in the Records, and if any were kept during this period they have not been seen for more than fifty years. From 1837 to the present date the Records are full in all matters relating to the officers and members, and the business of the church.

(4) DEEDS TO CHURCH PROPERTY.

Besides the deeds to the property upon which the Village Church and the Manse stand, the Church has in its possession the parchment Deed or Indenture granted by the Commis-

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sioners of Forfeiture of this State, in 1787, under which the Old Church property is held. Elsewhere in this volume a copy of this deed may be found.

We give in succeeding pages a complete program of the Bicentennial exercises which were held on Sunday and Monday, October 10 and 11, 1897. Following that will be found the papers which were delivered on that occasion, with the pictures of as many of the pastors who have officiated in the Old Church as could be obtained, and representations of the Old Church and of articles of historical interest belonging to it. It may be added that favorable weather attended the celebration, and that a vast amount of interest was manifested in all the exercises, the Old Church, on the Sunday afternoon, being able to hold but a small part of the crowds which thronged its doors. Altogether, the exercises were worthy the occasion, and will long be remembered by all who were permitted to have any share in them. The history of the church in full will be found in the address of the Rev. Dr. Cole in another part of this volume. It is believed that the recent repairs on the old building have put it in condition to outlast the storms of many years. Long may it stand as a silent but eloquent witness for the truths of the gospel which for generations have been proclaimed within its walls. Long may it cast its shadow down on the graves which are clustered about its base. May the little bell continue to ring from its tower until it shall herald in a brighter day for all mankind, until it shall

Ring in the valiant man and free,
  The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
  Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

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The Two Hundredth Anniversary

of the

Old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow

Sunday and Monday,

October 10th and 11th, 1897

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Program.

Si Deus pro nobis quis contra nos? *If God be for us who can be against us?*
(Motto inscribed on the old bell cast in Holland in 1685.)

Sunday Morning.

Services in the First Reformed Church at half-past ten o'clock. The congregations of the First and Second Reformed Churches united for this service.

1. INVOCATION, concluding with the Lord's Prayer and Salutation.

2. ANTHEM . . . . *The Lord is my Light* . . . . . Parker.

3. PSALTER. Psalms CXXXII and CXXVII.

PSALM CXXXII.

LORD, remember David,
And all his afflictions;
How he sware unto the LORD,
And vowed unto the mighty God of Jacob;
Surely I will not come into the tabernacle of my house,
Nor go up into my bed;
I will not give sleep to mine eyes,
Or slumber to mine eyelids,
Until I find out a place for the LORD,
A habitation for the mighty God of Jacob.
Lo, we heard of it at Ephratah:
We found it in the fields of the wood.
We will go into his tabernacles:
We will worship at his footstool.
Arise, O LORD, into thy rest;
Thou, and the ark of thy strength.
Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness;
And let thy saints shout for joy.

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For thy servant David's sake,
Turn not away the face of thine anointed.
The LORD hath sworn in truth unto David;
He will not turn from it;
Of the fruit of thy body will I set upon thy throne.
If thy children will keep my covenant
And my testimony that I shall teach them,
Their children shall also sit upon thy throne for evermore.
For the LORD hath chosen Zion;
He hath desired it for his habitation.
This is my rest for ever:
Here will I dwell; for I have desired it.
I will abundantly bless her provision:
I will satisfy her poor with bread.
I will also clothe her priests with salvation:
And her saints shall shout aloud for joy.
There will I make the horn of David to bud:
I have ordained a lamp for mine anointed.
His enemies will I clothe with shame:
But upon himself shall his crown flourish.

PSALM CXXVII.

EXCEPT the LORD build the house,
They labor in vain that build it:
Except the LORD *keep the city,*
The watchman waketh but in vain.
It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late,
To eat the bread of sorrows:
For so he giveth his beloved sleep.
Lo, children are an heritage of the LORD:
And the fruit of the womb is his reward.
As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man,
So are children of the youth.
Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:
They shall not be ashamed,
But they shall speak with the enemies in the gate.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.

MATTHEW xvi: 13-23.

13 ¶ When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?
14 And they said, Some *say that thou art* John the Baptist: some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets.
15 He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am?

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16 And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.

17 And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed *it* unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.

18 And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

19 And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

20 Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ.

21 ¶ From that time forth began Jesus to shew unto his disciples how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day.

22 Then Peter took him, and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee.

23 But he turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.

*Hymn 101.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Reginald Heber, 1827.

*The hymns used in these services were taken from *The Church Hymnary*, compiled by Edwin A. Bedell, and issued by the Board of Publication of the Reformed Church in America.

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PRAYER . . . . . By the Rev. Arthur F. Mabon,
Pastor of the Second Reformed Church.

HYMN 94.

O Holy Father, who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the fire and cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

2 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

3 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-Giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase.
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity and peace.

4 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that has crowned our day;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us alway.

William Croswell Doane, 1868.

SERMON . . . . . By the Rev. John Knox Allen, D.D.,
Pastor of the Church.

ANTHEM . . . . . *Send out thy light* . . . . . Gounod.

HYMN 781.

FOR all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

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6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes Thy rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
"Hallelujah, Hallelujah!"

William Walsham How, 1854.

PRAYER, concluding with the Benediction, by the Rev. Arthur F. Mabon.

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Nisi Dominus Frustra. *Without the Lord all is vain.*
(Motto on the church coat of arms.)

Sunday Afternoon.

Services in the Old Dutch Church at three o'clock.

HYMN 135.

I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 There 's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.

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5 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
There 's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

Isaac Watts, 1715.

SCRIPTURE LESSON. PSALM LXXXIV.

PSALM LXXXIV.

HOW amiable *are* thy tabernacles, O LORD of hosts!
2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the LORD: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.
3 Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, *even* thine altars, O LORD of hosts, my King, and my God.
4 Blessed *are* they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.
5 Blessed *is* the man whose strength *is* in thee; in whose heart *are* the ways *of them*.
6 *Who* passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.
7 They go from strength to strength, *every one of them* in Zion appeareth before God.
8 O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.
9 Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.
10 For a day in thy courts *is* better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
11 For the LORD God *is* a sun and shield: the LORD will give grace and glory: no good *thing* will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.
12 O LORD of hosts, blessed *is* the man that trusteth in thee.

PRAYER . . . . . By the Rev. John A. Todd, D.D.
For thirty-one years Pastor of the Second Reformed Church of Tarrytown, N. Y.

REMARKS concerning the repairs and alterations which have been made in the building, by the Pastor.

HYMN 602.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place:

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Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul, that 's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave, 1742.

ADDRESS . . . . . By the Rev. John B. Thompson, D. D.,
Pastor of the Church from 1866 to 1869.

ADDRESS . . . . . By the Rev. John M. Ferris, D. D.,
Pastor of the Church from 1849 to 1851.

HYMN 126.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

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4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

ADDRESS . . . . . By the Rev. David D. Demarest, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church at New Brunswick, N. J.

ADDRESS . . . . . By the Rev. Charles W. Fritts, D. D., President of the last General Synod of the Reformed Church.

HYMN 692.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near,
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the Manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

John Newton, 1779.

BENEDICTION . . . . . By Rev. David D. Demarest, D. D.

The choir was accompanied by music on the Violoncello, as was the custom in days gone by.

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Een-dracht maakt macht. *Union makes strength.*

(Motto on the church coat of arms.)

Sunday Evening.

Services in the First Reformed Church at eight o'clock. At this service several of the churches of the place united with the First Reformed Church, worshiping in the building of the latter.

HYMN 320.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1780.

PSALTER. Psalms CXXI and CXXII.

PSALM CXXI.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the LORD,
Which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.

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The LORD is thy keeper:
The LORD *is thy shade upon thy right hand.*
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil:
He shall preserve thy soul.
The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in,
From this time forth, and even for evermore.

PSALM CXXII.

I WAS glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the house of the LORD.
Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.
Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:
Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the LORD,
Unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the LORD.
For there are set thrones of judgment,
The thrones of the house of David.
Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
They shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity within thy palaces.
For my brethren and companions' sakes,
I will now say, Peace be within thee.
Because of the house of the LORD our God,
I will seek thy good.

HYMN 981.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light;
'T is finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky;
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which Creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid.

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3 Oh then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more.
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late:
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign!
Appear, Desire of nations!
Thine exiles long for home:
Shew in the heavens Thy promised sign!
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

Henry Alford, 1866.

APOSTLES' CREED . . . . . Repeated in unison.

PRAYER . . . . . By the Rev. William F. Compton, Pastor of Asbury M. E. Church of Tarrytown.

ANTHEM . . . . . *Magnificat in F* . . . . . Schnecker.

ADDRESS . . . . . By the Rev. Arthur F. Mabon.

HYMN 562.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

2 Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:

4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

5 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;

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6 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Reginald Heber, 1827.

ADDRESS . . . . . By Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, L. H. D.

HYMN 776.

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till, with the vision glorious,
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is one:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Samuel John Stone, 1866.

PRAYER, closing with the Benediction. By the Rev. George H. Ferris,
Pastor of the Baptist Church of Tarrytown.

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Quod tibi vis fieri, facias. *Abbreviation of the Golden Rule.*

(Motto of the family of Frederick Phillips, builder of the church.)

Monday Afternoon, October 11th.

Services in the Old Dutch Church at three o'clock.

HYMN 701.

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Be by all that live adored:
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Earth shall then her fruits afford:
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

PRAYER . . . . . By the Rev. William J. Leggett, Ph. D., Pastor of the Reformed Church of Nyack, N. Y.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.

EPHESIANS ii: 13-22.

13 But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometime were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.

14 For he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition *between us;*

15 Having abolished in his flesh the enmity, *even* the law of commandments *contained* in ordinances; for to make in himself of twain one new man, *so* making peace;

16 And that he might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby:

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17 And came and preached peace to you which were afar off, and to them that were nigh.

18 For through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father.

19 Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God;

20 And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner *stone;*

21 In whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord:

22 In whom ye also are builded together for a habitation of God through the Spirit.

HYMN 693.

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS . . . . . By the Rev. David Cole, D. D.
Late Pastor of the First Reformed Church of Yonkers, N. Y.

HYMN 695.

O WHERE are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

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3 For not like kingdoms of the world,
Thy holy Church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad.

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1839.

BENEDICTION . . . . . By the Rev. William E. Clark,
Pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Tarrytown, N. Y.

*

Concordia, res parvae crescunt; Discordia, maximae dilabuntur.

In time of harmony small things become great; in time of dissension the greatest melt away.

(Motto of the provinces of the Netherlands in their early struggles.)

Monday Evening.

Exercises in Music Hall at eight o'clock.

"The very temper which afterward spoke in the public documents issued from Philadelphia had been uttered in Holland two centuries earlier; and they who came hither from that land of dykes, storks, and windmills had brought it as part of their endowment. . . .

"Amid whatever straitness of poverty, amid whatever simplicity of manners, however unconscious of it themselves, they brought the immanent moral life which had made the morasses at the mouth of the Rhine the centre of a traffic more wide and lucrative, the scene of a history more majestic, than Europe before had ever seen, and the seat of the first enlightened Republic on all the circuit of its maritime coast."—(*The Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D. D., LL. D.—"The Early American Spirit."*

MUSIC . . . . . By the Orchestra.

HYMN 516. *The National Air of Holland.*

WE sing to Thee, Thou Son of God,
Fountain of life and grace;
We praise Thee, Son of Man, whose blood
Redeemed our fallen race.

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2 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts: —
Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord
Of glory and of hosts.

3 The cherubim and seraphim
Incessant sing to Thee;
The worlds and all the powers therein
Adore Thy majesty.

4 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments dressed,
Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and reap
The fullness of Thy rest.

5 The apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim:
The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting name.

6 Through all the world, Thy churches join
To call on Thee their Head,
Brightness of majesty Divine,
Who every power has made.

John Cennick, 1742.

PRAYER . . . . . By the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., President of Union Theological Seminary.

BRIEF REMARKS . . . . . By the Rev. John Knox Allen, D.D., Present Pastor of the Church.

POEM . . . . . By Mr. Edgar Mayhew Bacon.

HALLELUJAH CHORUS . . . By a select choir under direction of Prof. John M. Furman, Church Organist and Choirmaster, and accompanied by members of Seidl's Orchestra.

ORATION . . . . . By the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

HYMN 897. *America.*

MY country 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

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2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel Francis Smith, 1832.

BENEDICTION . . . . . By the Rev. J. Selden Spencer,
Rector of Christ Church, Tarrytown, N. Y.

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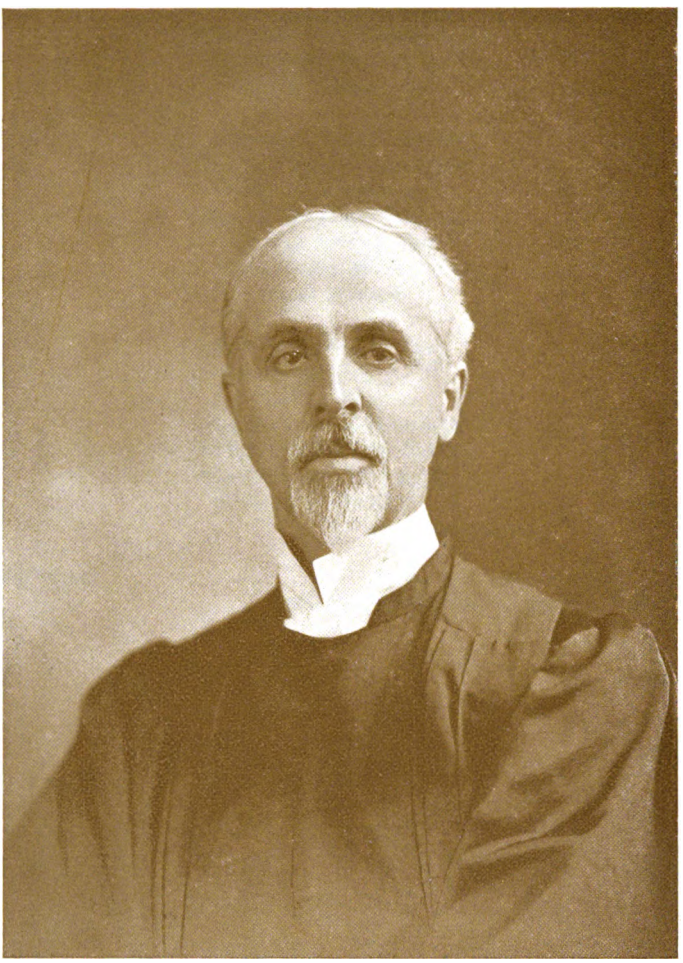

REV. JOHN KNOX ALLEN, D. D.

Pastor from 1870.

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THE PERMANENCE OF THE CHURCH.

SERMON BY THE

Rev. John Knox Allen, D. D.

"And I also say unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it."
(Revised Version.) MATTHEW xvi: 18.

A CHURCH organization two hundred years old, a church building as ancient as that—these, if not the most important, are the most natural themes to which our minds revert as we meet together this morning. Not old, perhaps, for some other lands with buildings of a hoary antiquity, but old for this land. The corner stone of that venerable structure whose founding we celebrate was laid half way between the time when the keel of Columbus first grated on the shores of this new world and this year of grace. Others at this time may deal with the history of this individual church, but let me rather turn your thoughts to the perpetuity of the Church as a whole. That old build-

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ing with its long existence, surviving the changes and tumults of two centuries, leads us to think of the longer life of the Church of Christ in the world. Many times does Jesus speak of the "Kingdom of God"; only twice does he speak of the Church, and in this one of the two places he prophesies its continuance, and he indicates the secret of its impregnability.

"Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it." He and the twelve are in a remote region on the southern slopes of Mt. Hermon, a place whose rocks might have suggested the figure which he used to the mind of Jesus, for we know how he often picked up his figures from the things that were right under his feet. In that seclusion he has asked the question which would have been so strange proceeding from the mouth of any other man, as to the verdict of the people concerning his identity. The answers which the twelve report show how profound the impression was which he had made upon the multitude. The estimates all agree that his was a remarkable personality. One of the old prophets, at least, was talking with them face to face in him. These, in their estimates of him, had climbed to a certain height; had the disciples anything more to say? had they made any deeper discovery? It is possible that the answer of Peter was the conclusion of the twelve, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." There is exultation in the response of Jesus of which our text is part; he rejoices to be discovered, for the discovery is significant of so much.

We dismiss as puerile the notion that the fisherman Peter was the rock on which the Church was founded, that frail, unstable man, who in the next breath was called Satan by his Lord. It seems plain that Jesus is passing in swift thought from the man whose name meant a rock to the spirit, the life, which his confession indicated. Given a society of men who had mounted to that apprehension, given those who would never shrink from standing by their conviction thus arrived at, and you would have something which would be far above the changes and tumults and malice of the world. Jesus Christ saw the fact in its rela-

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tions and significance. He had not merely sight, but also vision. The man of mere sight sees the apple fall, and it is just a falling apple, nothing more. The man of vision sees it fall and beholds all the ordinances of the heavens in the fact. Sight sees the primrose by the river's brim, just a yellow primrose; vision sees the flower of the field and discerns in it the grand and gracious scheme of providence. How the soul of Jesus was stirred more than once by apparently small facts. Once as he was passing through Samaria he marked how the heart of one bad woman responded to his words; through her he saw all the world he came to save. The returning twelve behold a man who has become deaf to the clamor of appetite, a man with a flashing eye who bids them look abroad and see Samaria so spiritually desolate, and all the wide world as a ripe harvest field. And you remember the agitation when near the end the apparently everyday demand was made by the Greeks to see him. There was a knock at the door made by a few men, but in it he heard the call of the great outside world. The crisis of the world had arrived, he said, and the most tremendous and glorious results would follow from casting the corn of wheat into the ground. And now just a little before that, while they are in those solitudes in the vicinity of Hermon, that confession falls from the lips of Peter, and through it Jesus sees the great, and growing, and abiding structure of his Church. The gates of the unseen world should not prevail against it; it could never be swallowed up or lost.

How the "gates of Hades," using the phrase in this sense, have prevailed in the world! What was there in the ages before Christ that had not sunk behind them, and how many vanishing forms have there been since? Nothing seems to stay their victory, nothing satisfies the omnivorous appetite of the world of oblivion. These gates have prevailed against nations of vast extent, of immeasurable power, and which have outlasted ages. The institutions and organizations of men have disappeared behind them. A hundred religions, a multitude of systems, a vast array of the most splendid creations of men have passed into this

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limbo of forgetfulness, gone into this bourne from which nothing returns. The forces that have issued from behind these gates have been forever victorious, the engulfing waves of time have reached out and drawn everything down into this abyss. The gates of the unseen world—what a never ending procession has departed behind them! What an assertion it is, then,—how like temerity it sounds,—as Jesus says, as he looks at the disciple with that confession upon his lips, "Here is something which no time, no power, no enemy will be able to destroy."

Now we ask, what are the elements that go to make this abiding institution beyond the reach of all destructive forces? What is the vital principle in the life of the Church which insures its permanence? What is the rock on which this structure shall be reared which will be secure against all decay and attack? We turn to the narrative to see. Peter says in answer to the challenge of Jesus, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." In that answer which so satisfies the soul of his Master there seem to be two things. First, the clear recognition of the divine in Christ through the apparent disguise. I say, apparent disguise, for there was no real disguise. God was not masked in that lowly life, but the divine was there in character. Sometimes we talk in this way, "Spite of the poverty, spite of the humiliation, spite of the service, there was a revelation of God." And we are wrong, the divine was manifest *in* the poverty, the humiliation, the meekness. The divine was not hidden in Jesus Christ, but revealed. He was the word made flesh. The divine glory was not shrouded in him, but he was the brightness of it. It was not an eclipse of the divine which we beheld, but we beheld the glory itself. When Jesus Christ took on him the form of a servant he was not obscuring the nature of God, for God in the depths of his nature is servantship; Christ himself has taught us that. And when he became a man it was not something foreign to the nature of God, for there must be human nature in God, else could not man have been made in the image of God. That is what made an incarnation possible. Our way of talking as if there were an eclipse of the divine in Jesus Christ can-

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not be justified; never was it so fully revealed, for the first time was it clearly manifested. And Peter now, when he announces his judgment, was not like one who has peered behind a veil and seen the true lineaments of a man who tried to hide himself, not like some unusually penetrating man who has discovered royalty in one who wanted to be considered a common traveler. It was not that Christ was trying to hide anything, it was that Peter had for the first time gotten where he could appreciate him; the significance of the whole thing is in Peter, his anointed eyes, his advance; he had come to a point where he could see what was all the time apparent. God's secrets are always open ones; it is simply men who have to have the veil taken away from their faces. God never hides anything except from the blind. The new continent; it is there; let them open their eyes and see it. The new force; men live and move in it; by and by they will see what was never concealed. Peter had been trudging by the side of the Son of God all these years; it tells a good deal for him that he has come to the point where he can see that this meekness, and long-suffering, and ministry are the qualities of God. A kind of morning had come to him, and he saw that it was the king whom he had been walking with in the darkness.

That is a first thing that is necessary for the existence of a church at all, the ability to see the divine in the life of Christ. Mark you, I am not talking about this as a theological dogma, but as a fact of spiritual life. Then there must not only be the apprehension of such a truth as this, but the confession of it. Peter was now making the first acknowledgment of it with his lips. He had gained this first glimpse of this glory; at a later hour it will fade, and he will recant in his weakness, and then there will come a later hour still when it will shine out in its brightness and command his life. Then it will be the utterance of his whole being; every deed will make the confession, every act will show it forth. You will see in him, by and by, the same courage manifested in Christ, the same readiness to serve, something of the same self-surrender. The thing which long ago on the slopes of Hermon had been the ut-

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terance of his lips will now sway his whole existence, and be expressed in all the activities of his life.

Think how you will act if you come to that apprehension and key your life to it. There will be the confession inspired by the right reading of the life of him who emptied himself and took upon him the form of a servant, that the abnegation of rights, and privileges, and opportunities, for the sake of others, is to copy God. Insight into the significance of the life of Christ on earth will lead to the acknowledgment in daily deeds that you as a strong man ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, that you as a wise man, and an emancipated man, ought to stoop to the dullness, and the superstitions, and the chains of other men. You will make the constant confession in the ongoings of your life that gentleness, and meekness, and forgiveness, and service, are Godlike qualities, because Jesus Christ exhibited them. You will manifest sympathy for those in suffering and trouble, and minister to those in want, and be the friend of the despised, and be indifferent to the world's praise or blame while in the pursuit of righteousness. This was the way Jesus Christ lived, and you have discovered that he was the Son of God. You will be uncompromising in dealing with shams, and be brave in the espousal of the cause of the weak, and be the champion of the right without regard to consequences. Watch him; that is the way he lives, and you say you have arrived at the conclusion that he is living God's life here on the earth. Now Christ there on the slopes of Hermon heard this confession from the lips of Peter; he knew what it would mean soon, if not now; he knew that it would be inwrought into the fibre of him when a great and notable day which was coming apace should arrive; he knew also that there would be a great multitude like him, and as he contemplated it the future stood unveiled; here was a cause that was chartered for eternity. A celestial thing was established here, out of the reach of all destructive forces. The gates of Hell should not prevail against it.

Bearing these things in mind we are able to locate the Church. It is not to be found in any building, no matter

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how grand or ancient. The building is the place where those who compose the Church are wont to meet; it shields them while they worship; it is made sacred by their experience. It is only by a figure of speech that we call a building a church. To-day in storied lands you bow in awe and adoration under the stately heights of some great cathedral. It would be a mistake to say that the cathedral has created the feeling of reverence which men experience, except in a secondary sense, only as the work of men's hands reacts upon the doers. The historical fact is that the cathedral is the material expression of the spirit of love and worship which has its first home in the heart of man. That feeling is getting in it some kind of embodiment; to every seed its own body; to the spirit that glows in the heart some kind of adequate utterance like this:

> Out of thought's interior sphere,
> These wonders rose to upper air.

They testify to the force and depth of what dwelt within. If the earth does "grant them an equal date with Andes and with Ararat," it might well be because they are owing to a force that is as original and native as that which gave the upthrust to the mountain, while at the same time it is more vital and sacred. This was the significance of that silent temple which seemed to grow on the hill of Zion; it was the heart, the faith, the life of that strange, wonderful people which was more conscious of God than any other, which seemed to push it toward the skies as the vitality of the palm, on another hill of that same land, slowly and silently lifted it heavenward. Precisely the same impulse it was which caused men here in the wilderness to rear that little old structure to which our thoughts will revert this morning. There is no incongruity in mentioning it in the same breath with those stately and splendid edifices which have found a place in history, and within which the souls of men have been subdued for a thousand years, for it is the one profound and sacred instinct which has given birth to both. But whether it be this little building or those magnificent creations of the art of man, it is

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not the structure which is the Church. That is confined within no walls; that dwells within the heart.

It goes without saying then that the Church is not coterminous with the bounds of any land, as it was in the time of the Jewish theocracy, when a sea hemmed it in here and a mountain there. And it is not limited by any organization, no matter how ancient, nor how strong its claims; no matter how impressive the structures in which it worships or the forms it employs. All this is part of what we may call organized religion; these are societies into which men have voluntarily come, and by which the life which is within may best express itself and do its work in the world. To call these organizations the Church, as we commonly do, is again an accommodation to our weakness. The Church is below all these things as the soil of the state is below all the boundaries of the counties; it is above them as the climate is above and around all the fences which divide the farms from one another. Men want to put their finger on some tangible thing, but the real Church you can say never was on sea or land. It is within no four walls, nor is it enshrined in any creed. The real Church is in the hearts of men. It is composed of all those in whose souls the deep conviction has been wrought that Christ was God manifest in the flesh; to whom it has come not just as a logical conclusion, but by a divine demonstration which has brought the whole soul into captivity to it, that as he moved across the earth it was the divine life which was being displayed, that there was a correspondence in every gesture, every inflection of his deeds, every word he said here on earth to the life which God eternally lives. The Church is composed of all those who repeat their creed in the forgiveness they grant, the love they reveal, the courage for the right they exhibit, the abhorrence of falsehood and sham they display, the purity they manifest, the service they render, the suffering and sacrifice they accept. The church is not Reformed nor Methodist, it is not Episcopal nor Roman; it is none of these exclusively, but part of it is in every one of them. It is because those who belong to it feel the force of these truths increasingly that the middle walls of partition be-

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tween the different denominations are becoming so low and flimsy, and the shibboleths of different parties are losing their distinctness and force. The countersign which admits to all the different camps is becoming the same everywhere.

The tie which binds the different parts is vital and sacred and indissoluble. It runs through sectarian walls, it runs under seas and to the remotest parts of the earth, and back through the dim ages of the past. Moses was a member of the Church, of whom it is said that he bore the "reproach of Christ," though it was ages before the coming of Christ. And we are told there was a "church in the wilderness," in those wandering Israelites who had caught a little of the spirit of Christ, who stood in the morning dawn, with their faces turned toward the east reflecting dimly the light of a yet unrisen sun.

> Elect from every nation,
> Yet one o'er all the earth.

It includes the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs. It is the Holy Church throughout all ages, one and indivisible, spite of differences of opinion, and opposition of part to part. This tie that binds is the longest of ties, it stretches through centuries, it reaches to the ends of the earth and up to the throne of God. It is the strongest of ties, weakened by no passage of time, and dissolved by no death. Verily the forces of oblivion shall not prevail against it.

But now we come to ask what this promise of the permanence of the Church means, its superiority to attack, or change, or the passage of time. We might anticipate that it must be permanent, when we consider its essential nature; it is an unworldly thing, and the world only has dominion over things in its own realm. Given a multitude of men who have been so illuminated that they can see the godlike in the life of Jesus, and will confess it by their labors and their losses, by their lives and their deaths, and it begins to be plain that there is no force that can touch it to destroy it. You can't buy these men off; bribes have no charm, smiles no witchery, favors no fascination. You

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can't frighten them off; for it has often been found true that they have welcomed prisons and stakes as giving them their best opportunity. The apostle Paul was not the only man of his class when, near the end, he looked down the vista of his future and saw nothing clearly except this, the avenue down which he must walk was all lined with prisons that were gaping for him, and there were scowling men with manacles in their hands who were waiting for him, and down at the end a malefactor's death was predestined for him, and then cried with something like exultation, "None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself that I may finish my course with joy." The Church being what it is, you may destroy the bodies of those who represent it, and it will escape you. You scarcely injure it more than you do the science of mathematics by burning up a multiplication table. There is something in the thing itself that is unassailable. I think of the answer of Socrates to the question of his disciples just before his death, "How shall we bury you?" "Any way you please, if you can only catch me." If you can only catch this thing called the Church, if you can only lay your hand on it, you may perhaps destroy it. But it is elusive, and oftentimes its enemies have found that the moment of apparent victory was the hour of most real defeat.

When we talk of the permanence of the Church, its continuance in spite of every adverse force that may be directed against it, no one will suspect us of meaning that individual churches, as we call them, will never be destroyed. It is impossible to affirm that that old building yonder will always abide, or that there will always be an organization which will go by the name we bear, or that the various denominations which may be represented here this morning will continue always. Many a time have the gates of Hades prevailed against separate churches. On that wonderful Lord's day morning when St. John looked from the island of his exile across a sea of glass mingled with fire to the shores of Asia Minor, there were seven churches in different cities for which his heart was full of solicitude. These

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churches, perhaps planted by apostles, have disappeared. Along New England roads to-day you will find church buildings, but all deserted. Locked doors, staring windows, unpainted sides, decrepit, tottering fences around weed-grown yards, unkempt graves. We read mournful articles about these sometimes in the religious papers, but before we allow ourselves to feel very bad, let us ask ourselves if the Church, according to that view of it which we have taken this morning, has really been dissipated. It is a comfort that churches are not the Church. It may be that the Church has moved away; part of it gone to Heaven, and part gone to Boston or New York, and that these parts are flourishing mightily in the several places to which they have migrated, whether those places be in Heaven or on earth. If you want to know whether the Church has declined observe the lives of men, mark the spirit of a community. See if men are less loving, less unselfish, more worldly; see if there is less of a daily confession in the activities of life that the qualities, the motives, the spirit which Jesus exhibited were of God. If there is, then there will be time to put on the garments of mourning.

It may be that a great many as they read these words of Jesus, "the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it," hear in it a promise of divine interpositions in behalf of the Church. Our Lord makes this confident assertion because he is going to put forth a hand for its protection. Oftentimes has he interfered for its salvation in days gone by; armies have been smitten with blindness; prison doors have been soundlessly opened at the midnight hour, and chains have been made as powerless to bind as the moonbeams which at that moment might be falling across the form of the sleeper. And winds have been made to blow, and have driven hostile armadas off shore, and have scattered them by their tempestuous might. All these things we grant; a hand has been thrust down out of the skies, and it is possible for it to be revealed again. Yet, as I read these words of our Lord, they do not seem to be a promise of divine interposition in hours of extremity. Rather the assertion is equivalent to saying that so long as the Church

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is faithful to that spirit of confession of which Peter gave an example no harm can come to it. That is what makes it a Church, and while it is loyal it is invulnerable and impregnable. Otherwise it has unchurched itself; it has betrayed the secret of its great strength, and can no longer claim any promise of continuance. And in this respect persecution and opposition may be a friend in disguise. They may cleanse it of its dross. Sometimes we say, "God will take care of his Church," and it may be that we mean he will step in and blast all those who are threatening it. Even if we don't put it into words we secretly mean that there will be a wonderful manifestation of his power. Which may be, but is not likely. It may be that he will take care of his Church by letting loose just the things we dread. Persecution which creates desolation in the outward life of the Church is as fatal to worldliness as a frost which strips the trees and withers the flowers is deadly to the yellow fever germs which saturate the summer air. That which makes men braver and more earnest, and purer and truer, really ministers to the stability of the Church.

It must be evident that if only this interior life be preserved, the form in which it may manifest itself may change from age to age. Nothing will be stereotyped, and it will constantly adapt itself to new conditions. How different the church life, how different in some respects the notions of those who worshiped in that old building two hundred years ago! How strange their sermons would seem to a modern congregation! If I had a translation of one of the best sermons of Domine Bertholf, or Domine Ritzema, and should preach it from this pulpit, how odd it would sound; not only its language and forms of thought would seem queer, but some of its ideas. The fundamental doctrines would be the same, but the emphasis of some would be shifted. Very likely we would hear a great deal more about election and foreordination and preterition than we are wont to do in these days. Their sermons would be more subjective or introspective. They had time. One day with them was a good deal like a thousand years with us, and they had leisure to dwell upon the decrees of God

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in eternity. That was not a hurrying age; the breezes that swept the ocean were swift enough for them, but we have cables under the ocean, and messages that distance time come to us, for the thing that will happen after midnight to-morrow morning in London will be reported in New York to-night quite early in the evening. The change in emphasis is the most natural thing in the world considering changed conditions. We are not necessarily degenerate sons because we don't linger in the consideration of certain truths which seemed very important to them, for the whole external life of the Church has changed. We are at one with them in their essential life; we believe with them in the sinfulness and helplessness of man; we believe with not less intensity in the incarnation and love of God; we believe that nothing can change the law that whatsoever a man sows that he shall also reap. But in our time the Church has become awake to the needs of humanity as never before, and the ends of the earth have drawn closer, and the want and ignorance and sin of mankind are put down just outside of our door. We have our Sunday Schools and our Christian Endeavor Societies, and our Young Men's Christian Associations, and missionary organizations of many kinds. Possibly we are not calling the attention of men to original sin as much as our fathers used to, but the fact of sin, contemporary sin, actual, black, dreadful sin, engages us. It may be we are not quite up in our catechisms, but I hope there is no decline in charity. Possibly a decline of interest in purely theological subjects, but a multiplication of hospitals and retreats and missions. Religion is occupying new territory all the time, and our excellent fathers would be surprised at some of our efforts to minister to every need and faculty of man, our People's Palaces, and Toynbee Halls, and Day Nurseries and Public Baths, and our insistence on pure politics, and our interest in industrial and social questions. I ask you if in all this there is anything that is false to the recognition we have made of the fact that Jesus was the Christ the Son of the living God? Are we not making a daily confession of our faith in these things? Perhaps you have heard the phrase

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"theological thaw." It is said there has been a "theological thaw" during the last quarter of a century. If that means a softening of spirit rather than a toning down of truth, we need not be troubled; if it means that theological rancor has relented somewhat, we need not be alarmed. I shall only be alarmed if there has melted out with it the sense of duty, the spirit of charity, the love of the truth; I shall be alarmed if there has come with it a general lack of reverence, indifference to the right, disloyalty to conscience, want of fidelity to Christ. Then the theological thaw has resulted in religious slush. But while I see a good deal that I would have otherwise, I believe there never was a time when the Church was so inspired with the desire and the purpose to take this world for Christ. We believe that many of the fathers, dead a couple of hundred years, would be in these things which so engage us, only they would be in them deeper. We believe that the descendants of the men who resisted unto blood striving against sin, the descendants of the men who baptized their land in their own blood in the defense of the truth, who opened the dikes and let in the sea, preferring to fall into the hands of God than of men, that these men would strike hands with us in the work we are striving to do in the name of Christ. The zeal which animated them burns in the Church to-day, only it is manifesting itself in other ways. It is the same old conflict of truth with error, of right with wrong, in which we are engaged, only on a different field and with an enemy who presents another front.

Every community, every land has reason to congratulate itself that the forces of oblivion are not likely to swallow up the Church, for it is of value not alone for eternity, but for the life that now is. It is of economic worth, of value in dollars and cents. If the principles we speak of are confessed in the daily lives of its members, purity and justice and service and surrender and hourly righteousness and the championship of the truth after the manner of Christ, it would be an unspeakable loss to let it perish. If only Mr. Stead's imperfect definition of it is true, "the union of all who love in the service of all who suffer," I

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could imagine men of the world coming forward for its defense, as indeed some of them do. The principles it enunciates lie at the basis of society. Good laws become operative because the moral sense of the community created by the Church sustains them; and bad laws become void because the conscience of the community informed by the Church resents and resists them. If law is to be respected, if decency is to prevail, if society is to be preserved, some institution like this with its tremendous spiritual sanctions has got to exist. The thing that makes the possessor safe in his property, the householder secure in his home, the citizen confident of gaining his rights, that makes liberty and life safe and existence valuable, is the prevalence of those teachings that are incessantly proclaimed by the Church. Let some statistician, some political economist arise and tell us if he can what that old church has been to this community and the world. For a hundred and fifty years it was an incessant battery of righteousness. For a hundred and fifty years men gathered within its walls, and they learned purity, and gained devotion to truth, and the loftiest standards of life were exalted before their eyes. Not only was heaven recruited there, but in part this earth was made a decent, fit, safe place to live on. Men came out taught to obey the law, and protect the right, and frown upon iniquity, and help their neighbor. During our civil war Mr. Lincoln said the cause of the Union was anchored to the pulpits of the North and the West. Government in its departments, business with its necessity for integrity, society with its foundations of purity are anchored in the teachings that the Church forever proclaims. How we ought to rejoice in this assurance that no hostile force is ever going to prevail against it.

I see no sign to-day of the passing of the Church. I see signs of indifference to some tenets once strenuously held; I see an indifference in some quarters, deeply to be deplored, to attendance upon its services; I notice a laxity of life much to be regretted on the part of some who are outwardly connected with it, but the Church itself has a place which is deeper and more important than ever before. The

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signs of the times lend their confirmation to the declaration of Jesus concerning its perpetuity. And its position is not merely negative, standing untouched, unhurt, unmoved amid all changes and commotions, like Gibraltar in the midst of plunging, pounding seas, a rock that rises serene and smiling out of the ocean the next morning after a hundred storms; yet a dead thing, a rock, no more, no less. Not so does the Church resist the onsets of time, just holding its own. But this is the day of the ascendancy of the Church, of its expansion, of its enthronement. It is lifting up its eyes and seeing new fields white for the harvest; not only new lands, new races, but new realms of life. It rejoices not alone because the world is becoming one neighborhood, and that the phrase "foreign missions" is becoming obsolete, but because of the new departments of life which are offered for its victories. Its work is becoming not only more extensive but more intensive; that work widens and it also deepens; it is more expanding and also more penetrating. It is determined to claim for itself regions from which it has been excluded or from which it has stood hopelessly aloof. It means to claim life in all its institutions and relations and activities; it means to prove more and more that the kingdom of God lies not only on the other shore of the river of death, but that the prayer is to be fulfilled that the kingdom may come, that all commercial and industrial and social and political life shall be leavened by its influence. The time is ever drawing nearer when the outlook of him who stood on those slopes of Hermon at that distant day, and spoke those words of strong assurance, shall be fully justified, when the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ and he shall reign forever and ever.

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REV. JOHN BODINE THOMPSON, D. D.

Pastor from 1866 to 1869.

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ADDRESS OF

The Rev. John Bodine Thompson, D. D.

IT must have been in the mellow haze of an Indian summer afternoon that our Dutch forefathers cast anchor in the quiet harbor, now mostly meadow, at the mouth of the Pocantico, and named it Die Slaaperig Hafen (*the sleepy haven*).

> In the afternoon they came into a land
> In which it seemed always afternoon.

Weary with the long endeavor to urge their little craft past Verdrietige Hook, the *Tedious Corner* mountain so long in sight, they were glad to rest in this land-locked harbor, at that time large enough to protect the *fly-boat* from the Texel, the Tessel, the Tassel, as they variously called the river of the Netherlands from which so many of their descendants here derive the family name. This was a hundred years before the discovery of the happy valley of Rasselas in Africa and of the El Dorado of *Candide* in South America; but already Lord Plowden had "marched, lodged and camped full seven years" among the Indians of New

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Albion, between the North River and the South River, as the Dutch had named the streams bounding the present State of New Jersey on the east and the west respectively. The description of that "land of Eden," by his faithful esquire, Beauchamp Plantagenet, had been printed at Middelburg, whence the Mildeberger family doubtless came. Of the region so glowingly described in that publication, a recent writer, not given to exaggeration, says, "Live six months on the Delaware meadows, and the recollection of that experience will not fade away, though you mount the shoulders of a saint, and peep into paradise."[1]

And now the Dutch had found its counterpart on the North River. It was Luy-Lekkerland (*an earthly paradise*).

No more, no more,
The worldly shore
Upbraids them with its loud uproar;
With dreamful eyes
The spirit lies
Under the walls of paradise.

The gently rippling waters of the Sleepy Haven Kill soothed them to slumber with their musical monotony and, when they waked, lured them onward with their beautiful brightness until the whole happy valley became their home. They were a pious people; every wildflower that decked the greensward babbled to them of its Maker.

His fingers pushed it through the sod,
It came up redolent of God;
Garrulous of the eyes of God to all the breezes near it;
Musical of the mouth of God to all had ears to hear it;
Mystical with the mirth of God that glowlike did ensphere it.[2]

They were not unacquainted with the doleful diatribe of the pessimistic preacher:

He that lifteth stones shall be hurt thereby;
He that splitteth timber shall be endangered thereby.

But they had heard in effect, if not in form, the voice of Jesus say:

Lift the stone, and thou shalt find Me;
Split the timber, and there am I.

[1] Dr. Charles C. Abbott. [2] Francis Thompson.

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And, confident in his ceaselessly present and protecting providence, they raised the stone from the quarry and lifted up axes upon the thick trees, and built them homes; first on the river shore. Alipconck, the Indians called it, (*place of elms*), whose bark, fastened with sinews of the deer that browsed beneath the branches, formed the light canoe which carried them safely over the waters of the Tappan Zee, or the ingenious kettle in which, over the embers of a feeble fire, the red man leisurely cooked his simple meal, as his congeners in Arizona do to-day. Wickquaesquick (*the place of the manufacture of the bark kettle*) was still thickly peopled by natives when white men had dwelt among them more than a hundred years.

But the Greinberg hills grew *grain* for the Dutch; and they, being better housed and better fed, spread over the sites of both Alipconck and Wickquaesquick. Tarwedurp they called their village, (*Ryetown*); but when the all-conquering Anglo-Saxon came, Tarwedurp became *Tarrytown*, a name whose composition aptly symbolizes the composite character of its inhabitants sifted from the nations of the earth to make ready a people prepared for the Lord.

Between the Pocantico and the spot on which we stand an Indian castle remained so long as the Dutch dominion here endured. Its defenders smoked with our fathers the pipe of peace; and their sons helped to raise these walls still redolent with praise. Nor did they all meet the fate of Noah's carpenters.

As early as August 11, 1628, the Reverend Jonas Michaelis sent to the mother-country a carefully prepared plan for mission work, in order that "the fulness of the heathen might be gradually accomplished and the salvation of our God be here also seen among these wild and savage men." The records of the early Dutch churches in this country are glorious with the names of those who were the first-fruits unto God of a more abundant harvest. By the year 1766, an English historian tells us, at Albany they were "all brought to the profession of Christianity." In 1769 one of the deacons of this church was Thomas Sampewa, whose name indicates an Algonquin lineage. And

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the records expressly state that they were written to describe "in what manner and good Christian affection these first Christian inhabitants in the midst of this heathenism, and with and among the heathen, did live as true Christians."

Nor was such godly example in vain in the Lord. Attracted and won thereby, more than one Mohegan maiden became the wife of the pale-face, and the mother of his children; and the earliest Dutch historian testifies to the devotion and consecration of these faithful wives and mothers.

Last month the children of the Dutch who, fifty years ago, fled from persecution in their native land to Iowa and Michigan celebrated their jubilee year. Among the speakers at the American Holland in Michigan was the venerable Pocâgon, chief of the Pottawattomies, whose ancestors had gone from this Atlantic coast to the shores of the great unsalted sea, where he welcomed those who now have made the wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose. His name, Pocâgon, shows that he is of the same language as Pocâhontas, who was named after a Pocântico in Virginia, in hope that the magic of the *swift running stream between two hills* might enable her to escape the wiles of the white man's witchery. Vain hope! the proudest families of Virginia, of New York, and of England, delight to boast descent from her.

And here, also, are those whose bronzed brows and high cheekbones, and erect stature, show whence they derive the independent disposition which, joined to Dutch determination, has brought this church through two hundred years of its eventful history, and which will bring it through two thousand years to come, and make it ever more and more blessed, and a blessing.

Two days ago I held in my hand a manuscript of two folio pages, written by Guiliam Bertholf, the founder of this church. It bears date April 10, 1683, before he became a minister of the gospel. It is an official document written by him in the capacity of what we now call a notary public. In it he describes himself as "schoolmeester en ordinere schryver ten durpe Acquigenonck residerende,"—*schoolmaster and authorized scrivener residing at the village of Acquackanonck.*

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With it was a still more interesting document, executed March 23, 1724, an agreement in touchingly tender terms between him and the church of Acquackanonck, which he had served for thirty years, and was no longer able to serve. The church promises to him an annual gift which he accepts in lieu of salary, and leaves them free to call a young pastor from Holland. His signature to this paper shows that it was written with a hand trembling with age and feebleness.[1]

But others will talk to you of these things. My business is simply to gather up the fragments that nothing be lost. Events of a later date were detailed to me by Mrs. Eliza Ann See, a mother in Israel, whose appearance and character were so like those of my father's mother that, involuntarily, I reverenced her as soon as I knew her, and listened eagerly to the graphic tales she told me of what she had heard and seen.

The story which I wrote down from her lips respecting Jacob Reaumur and Juda Freneau (whose names seem to be French, though they came from one of the German cantons of Switzerland) has been charmingly told by my successor here, and printed by the Historical Society of this place, so that I need only refer to it. This pious couple had five sons and three daughters, some of whom sleep beneath the shadow of these walls.

> Their graves are green,
> They may be seen.

Of James Romer (for so the name is spelled in this country) I know only his name. John Romer was a well-known captain during the Revolutionary War. Captain William Romer married Leah, daughter of Cornelius Van Tassel and Elizabeth Storms, his wife. Others of the family were dwelling here when the story was told me in 1868; but I neglected to make a memorandum of their names and cannot now recall them.[2]

[1] Both these documents are among the manuscripts of the Honorable William Nelson, of Paterson, N. J.

[2] Mrs. See told me another story which also I at once wrote out in detail that it might not perish from the memory of men. Peleg W. Adams, like his United

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After the publication of that clever caricature known as "Knickerbocker's New York" it came to be considered a reproach to be called a denizen of Sleepy Hollow. The name had become restricted to the comparatively small portion of the valley through which the public road then ran. The Sleepy Hollow Cemetery was named by Washington Irving; but I believe I was the first to insist upon using the ancient designation in the broad extent of its original signification and to claim it as a title of honor, by dating all my letters from "The Manse of Sleepy Hollow." A brother minister kindly wrote to warn me of the danger of Presbyterianism lurking in the word "Manse"; but, knowing that the Dutch were more presbyterial than the Presbyterians themselves, I persevered in my perversity, and publicly from the pulpit invited the Presbyterians who

States Senator, Henry Wilson, was a Massachusetts shoemaker. Like him, too, he was a man of more than usual ability; and he appreciated a joke. In this instance the joke lay in the fact that he was, apparently, the impersonation of Washington Irving's Ichabod Crane. It is not strange that he was a wonderful walker. From Newburyport, his native place, he walked to Piermont where he worked at his trade, and looked across the river to Sunnyside until he was ready to visit the author who had described his appearance so accurately before he was born. He was recognized instantly, received graciously, and advised to apply for the position of schoolmaster in Sleepy Hollow! His application was successful and he acquitted himself with credit. To Mrs. See, however, he confessed that he considered it his business to maintain the ghostly reputation of Sleepy Hollow, and that the images with pumpkin-heads which frightened the rustics by night could easily be accounted for, as could also the change of place of certain large stones at which people wondered. Moreover, in "riding a skimmelton" he had no superior. Always amiable and kind-hearted, though he paid his board promptly, he aided the farmer with whom he dwelt in gathering his potatoes and apples until the neighbors compared him to Sindbad the Sailor ridden by the Old Man of the sea. Yet did he

know his rights,
And, knowing, dare maintain.

The teacher was accustomed to join the boys in their games. This offended a neighbor, who complained of the noise they made. Of this no notice was taken. But when the complainer intruded into the schoolroom with threats and curses he was received with indignation, and finally with a glance at the open window, a step forward, and a threat to make him a heave-offering to the stones of the valley,—from which he fled incontinently. At the outbreak of the Civil War the schoolmaster joined a regiment of his native state, and went to the front. Sent home with a shattered arm, when he wrote that it was well again, he was ordered to join his regiment in Mississippi. Immediately he obeyed the summons. He walked from Newburyport to Sleepy Hollow; spent two days with his friend, Mrs. See; and then walked on again toward Mississippi. Since that day nothing has been heard of him in Sleepy Hollow.

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had been worshiping with this church all through the war to join themselves to it; and this invitation they accepted. I well knew the groundlessness of the fears, felt by a few, of an attempt at the impossible task of making Presbyterians out of the Dutch of Sleepy Hollow.

It was time for a new departure, not only here, but everywhere in the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of North America. The once dominant religion in all this region was little more than "a nice little heritage on the Hudson and the Raritan"; and many of its most mighty men loved to have it so!

The esthetic taste of the country had developed. There was an increasing desire for a more liturgical form of worship. The service of the Protestant Episcopal Church was regarded with increasing favor. But the doctrinal tendency in that Church in those days was believed to be toward pre-Reformation views, and it was thought that the time had come for the Dutch Church to emphasize its liturgical features and show a reason for its existence by claiming its appropriate position as holding the mean between the ritualistic observances of the Church of English origin and the extreme baldness of the worship of the Church of Scottish origin. One or two of the more evangelical of the clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church accepted charges in the Dutch Reformed Church. But the descendants of the Dutch had become so accustomed to Puritan usages that their native conservatism now asserted itself against any return to the customs of the reformers; and, with the organization of the Reformed Episcopal Church, the opportunity passed away. At a later period endeavor was made to assert a distinct doctrinal status for the Reformed Church in America, having as its key-note "union with Christ," rather than "the divine decrees"; but the system of doctrine taught in the Westminster standards was preferred to that of Heidelberg; and this effort also proved futile.

The Church Manual, however, prepared in the Manse of Sleepy Hollow, was not without effect. Its new formulas were used more and more widely, and the General Synod

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put their author upon a committee to revise the liturgy of the Church. The present formula "for the reception of communicants baptized in infancy" was modified from that of the manual of the old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow. Its formula for the public reception of communicants from other churches also is more widely used than any other.

The edition of the Church Manual for home use contained, besides liturgical formulas, classified lists of the communicants, a brief statement of the organization and government of the Church, and a calendar of meetings, together with historical and explanatory notes. In these it was said:

> The manor Church still stands upon its green knoll, its massive walls as firm as when the savages first wondered at the structure erected to the white man's God. Divine service has again been instituted in it; and, please God, the Gospel light which shined so brightly here two centuries ago shall shine henceforth till glory dawn.
>
> It is hoped, moreover, that the time is not far distant when the old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow, with its adjacent burial ground, can be put into a condition worthy alike of those who rest from their labors and of those who follow them.

With characteristic steadiness and sturdiness this hope has now been realized. When it was expressed the building had merely been cleansed from the dust and cobwebs that had accumulated while the doors were closed. Elder Powles will remember how he found the ancient tinder-box in the corner where it had lain undisturbed for half a century, and brought it to his pastor, who used it on "Children's Day," (July 19, 1867), to illustrate the difference between the past and the present.

Posters announced the re-opening of the church of the fathers; and their children flocked to it all summer long. The printed report of consistory said:

> These meetings are known to have been the means of salvation to precious souls, and have thus set upon them the seal of the divine approbation.

This statement was made because some still did not approve of the opening of the building which had been

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closed so long. There are those who will remember the eloquent appeals made here by such men as William E. Dodge and George H. Stuart, as well as by ministers whose names I will not stop to recount. Nor can some of us ever forget the celebration of the Lord's Supper in this sacred place when the table was spread from the pulpit to the door and we all sat round it during the whole of the service, like the celebrants in the upper chamber at Jerusalem eighteen hundred years before. It was my custom, as the end of each year approached, to review the past, and to circulate among the families of the congregation a printed statement of what had been accomplished during the year, with plans for the work during the year to come. In that of the year 1867 it is said:

"Since I have been permitted to see your good works you have been giving for religious and benevolent purposes at the rate of one thousand five hundred and ninety-six dollars a year, though the average for each year of the preceding ten had been but four hundred and one dollars and eighty-nine cents. Moreover, you have increased the amount you contribute in the form of pew-rents from a thousand and fifty dollars to twenty-seven hundred dollars, after paying a church debt of twenty-three hundred dollars, and none of you are the worse for it; but, contrarywise, better."

The issue for 1868 says:

"Hitherto we have been laying foundations. Now, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection." And plans were presented for completing the study of the Gospels and reading the Bible through during the year to come.

In that for 1869 occur words which I gladly reëcho to-day:

"The fellowship of the spirit is sweet. Ties of affection have been formed here which will furnish matter for thanksgiving round the throne in glory."

The introduction of a plan for systematic beneficence was followed by a great growth in grace. The attendance upon public worship and the number of the communicants increased. The service of song in the house of the LORD was

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improved. The children and youth of the church were instructed in sacred music. The "Hymns of the Church" and "Christian Praise" (both afterwards adopted by General Synod) were selected and arranged in the Manse of Sleepy Hollow. A mission Sunday-school was established in the Sleepy Hollow school-house, as well as in this ancient edifice. A pious woman was employed to carry the Gospel from house to house in the upper part of the village, and provision was made for both the spiritual and the material wants of the poor.

It would be more than a suppression of the truth to imply that all this was accomplished without difficulty. Those who are at ease in Zion are rarely pleased to have their slumbers disturbed. The expression of a purpose to "stir up" Christian people to greater diligence in the divine life was interpreted by an influential pew-holder (not too familiar with the language of Scripture) as the expression of an intention to *irritate!* One name of every six upon the list of communicants was stricken from the roll, they being such as the preceding pastor, in his farewell discourse, had said that he had sought "for good reasons, through many years, to be relieved of."

But the heart of the church was sound. Right loyally it responded to the appeal for increased efficiency in the service of the Master. Consistory said: "The pious dead of two centuries call to us from these valleys and hill-sides, where they labored and prayed so long, to preserve, transmit, and extend the faith which they planted in weakness and watered with their tears."

In response to this appeal, a complete re-organization was effected, and the church entered upon a course of development which, under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, has been continuous from that day to this. Children also felt the gracious influence. Full six months after the departure of the pastor it was discovered that a little company of them were still continuing to meet every Saturday, at the unoccupied manse, to pray to the Saviour whom they had learned to love.

Toward the end of the third year of my ministry here a

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committee from a larger and stronger church, under the shadow of the mountain upon which Rip Van Winkle is fabled to have slept so long, came into church and heard a discourse upon the text, "What Doest Thou Here?" Nevertheless, they persevered until they had accomplished their purpose; and I went, bound in the spirit, to undertake in another place a work like that I had endeavored to do here. The servant is not above his master. He goes where he is sent. One goeth and another cometh. And so the work goes on.

> Still glides the stream, and shall forever glide.
> The form remains; the function never dies.
> While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
> We men who in our youth defied
> The elements, must vanish. Be it so!
> Enough if something from our hands has power
> To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
> And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
> Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
> We feel that we are greater than we know.

Only an imperative sense of duty could have constrained me to leave this church and people to whom I was attached with ties of affection strong as bands of steel. But I was convinced that the work of the Master here had reached a stage from which it could be carried forward more successfully under other leadership; and the event has shown that I was right. Elders Powles, and See, and Swift, and Van Tassel will remember that it required all the earnestness and eloquence of which I was capable to bring consistory, however, to the same conclusion. The meeting was protracted till long past midnight; and afterward it was discovered that in the room overhead pious women (who had never before opposed the wishes of their pastor) had been praying in their hearts and strengthening each other with expressions of the hope that it might not be.

The memory of the just is blessed; and this is a fit occasion to revive the recollection of saints in glory with whom we took sweet counsel together and went into the house of God in company.

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WILLIAM SEE was a man whose kindly feeling showed in every feature, as in every act. He was the conciliator in conflicts, and a worthy representative of the family which has furnished so many effective workers for Christ, not only as private Christians, but also as Elders, and Deacons, and Ministers.

ABRAHAM D. STEPHENS was the most energetic of the Elders of this church for many years. His devotion to its interests was unsurpassed by any. He gave himself to what he believed to be his duty with a persistency that knew no flinching. A man of few words, and of a rather phlegmatic temperament, he was also capable of strong emotion. Coming out of the prayer-meeting which immediately preceded the Lord's Supper, his face all aglow like that of Moses when he came down from the Mount, he said, "How is it with you this morning, Domine?" and then without waiting for an answer continued, "I'm on the Mount, I'm on the Mount," as if he had already seen the face of his transfigured Lord. Very rarely did he speak of these experiences, and this quiet reticence made his words, when spoken, all the more effective. It enabled him to approach men whom others hesitated to accost.

ROBERT P. HOE was a summer resident who was a pewholder, but had never come to a confident trust in Christ. To him Elder Stephens talked of the blessedness of serving such a Master, and then sent his pastor to him. The result was that this thoughtful and busy man became a sincere and humble adherent of the Crucified, and, in accordance with the advice of his country pastor, a communicant in the church preferred by his family in New York.

LEVI J. MABIE understood and appreciated Abraham Stephens, and united heartily with him in his plans for the welfare of the church, though the demands of business left him less leisure for active effort therein.

DAVID S. ROWE was a New England man whose very different heredity and early environment had produced a character which added needed variety and stimulus to the work of the old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow.

WILLIAM F. VAN WART held very pronounced political

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opinions different from most of his associates. This fact lessened his influence in so conservative a community; but he, too, never wavered from what he believed to be the path of duty. He, chiefly, was instrumental in securing the publication of the Pastor's Thanksgiving Sermon upon the text:

> Say not thou what is the cause that the former days were better than these.

HORATIO G. GILBERT was one of the Presbyterians who had stood outside the church with which he worshiped until, with the others, he responded to the appeal to connect himself with us; soon after which he was elected to the Deacon's office he so worthily filled.

JOHN R. BACON was another of these. He became the excellent and efficient Superintendent of the Sunday School.

WILLIAM H. PLATT was another. He was the best chorister I ever knew. Nor did I ever have a more faithful friend. To his intelligence and piety and prudence in the Eldership this church owes more than its members shall ever be able adequately to apprehend.

I will not speak of those still bearing the burden and heat of the day, but I must not fail to cite as worthy of imitation the godly examples of pious women who labored with me in the gospel.

First of these must be mentioned SUSAN HAWES, who, in in the dark days of the church during the Civil War, had charge of the Infant Class from which the Sunday School and the church were recruited. Nor was her brother, WILLIAM HAWES, less faithful as chorister during all that time, as well as afterwards.

NANCY M. VAN TASSEL is a name I cannot utter without emotion. A more willing, earnest, devoted, Christlike worker I have never known. Strange that we did not then recognize the fact that she was ripening for the eternal glory to which she was called so soon after her brief period of married life.

MRS. ALEXANDER SEE was a co-worker with her; and was equally faithful unto the day of her death.

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There was one man whose name does not appear upon the records of this church; who had won, however, the daughter of its most efficient Elder. She had preceded her husband to the heavenly inheritance several years before I knew him. Aware that death had marked him also for its prey, he came to spend the few remaining months with his child, in the home whence he had won the mother. He told me of his past life as an officer in the navy, and how when he was about to leave his London home his father had said to him, "My son, if ever you are tempted to do a disgraceful or sinful deed, remember whose you are. Come back to the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-field [or was it, perhaps, St. Clement Danes?] in the heart of London; ask to see the baptismal record; note how on such a date your parents and sponsors in baptism gave you to the Lord, of which fact your Christian name is the sign; and then resolve, by his grace, to walk worthy of them and of him whose you are and whom you ought to serve."

He said that the recollection of this solemn charge had been his shield from wrong-doing all life long. It was but a few days after this conversation that Lieutenant Emanuel Davison went to render his report to the Captain of his salvation.

"*Your fathers, where are they?*" They have entered into rest. They are forever with the Lord. Their bodies lie beneath the sod upon the grassy slope around this house they loved so well, to sleep unto the resurrection, the peaceful Pocantico singing monotonously meanwhile their everlasting requiem, a song without words, a song whose music has waited till our own day to find expression in the forms of human speech:

Till last by Philipse farm I flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I wind about and in and out,
  With here a blossom sailing;
And here and there a lusty trout,
  And here and there a grayling;

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And here and there a foaming flake
  Upon me, as I travel
With many a silver water break,
  Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

"*And the prophets, do they live forever?*" Twelve of them have finished the work that was given them to do in this church. The last of these may well revere the memory of those who went before, laying foundations and erecting a superstructure in which, in due season, he also was permitted to build, at least long enough to have his name recorded upon the roll with theirs. Ten of the twelve rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. Looking unto Jesus, they ran with patience the race that was set before them. They counted not their lives dear unto themselves so that they might finish their course with joy and rejoice in the day of Christ that they had not run in vain, neither labored in vain, while holding forth the word of life, the torchlight of heaven's own truth.

The ancient poet has told us of the Titan who first brought fire from heaven to earth, hiding it in a hollow reed until by dint of rapid running he reached the habitations of men; and for such kindness to the human race suffered tortures worse than a thousand deaths. In grateful recollection and humble imitation of so divine a deed for the welfare of humanity, the Lampas race was run. It was a relay race. Each athlete seized the torch from the failing hand of the runner that preceded him, and rushed onward with it, at whatever cost to himself, sometimes dying from exhaustion before he could complete his course.

They did it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we, an incorruptible.

The light-bearer who would win his crown may not stop for explanation of methods or motives. The King's business requireth haste. He dare not delay to receive evidences of appreciation. He must care only that the torch goes forward. Even questions of sympathy he can answer only with what seems ofttimes scantiest courtesy.

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How fares it, Torchbearer?
Nay, do not stay me!
Swift be my course, as the flight of an arrow!
Eager, exultant, I spring o'er the stubble,
Thread through the brier and leap o'er the hollows;—
Firm nerve, tense muscle, and heart-beating. Onward!
How should I pause e'en to fling thee an answer?

How fares it, Torchbearer?
Ah, do not stay me.
Parched is my mouth, and my throat may scarce murmur;
Eyes are half blinded with sunshine's hot glitter;
Brands from the torch, half consumed, drop upon me,
Quenching their fire in my blood, heated, boiling,
Scarcely less hot than the fierce falling embers.
Breath would scarce serve me to answer thy question.

How fares it, Torchbearer?
Reeling, I falter,
Stumbling o'er hillocks that once I leaped over;
Flung by a tangle that once I had broken
Careless, unheeding; the torch half-extinguished;
Fierce-darting pains through the hot hand that holds it;
Careless of all if at last I may yield it
Into the hands of another good runner.

How fares it, Torchbearer?
Well, now I fling me
Flat on the turf by the side of the highway;
So, in one word, be thy questionings answered.
Praise for my striving? Peace! I am weary.
Thou art unwinded. Stand, then, and shading
Eyes with the hand, peer forward and tell me
How fares the torch in the hands of yon runner?
Naught do I reck of my strength gladly yielded,
So it be only the torch goeth onward.[1]

How fares it, Torchbearer?

[1] Arthur Chamberlain.

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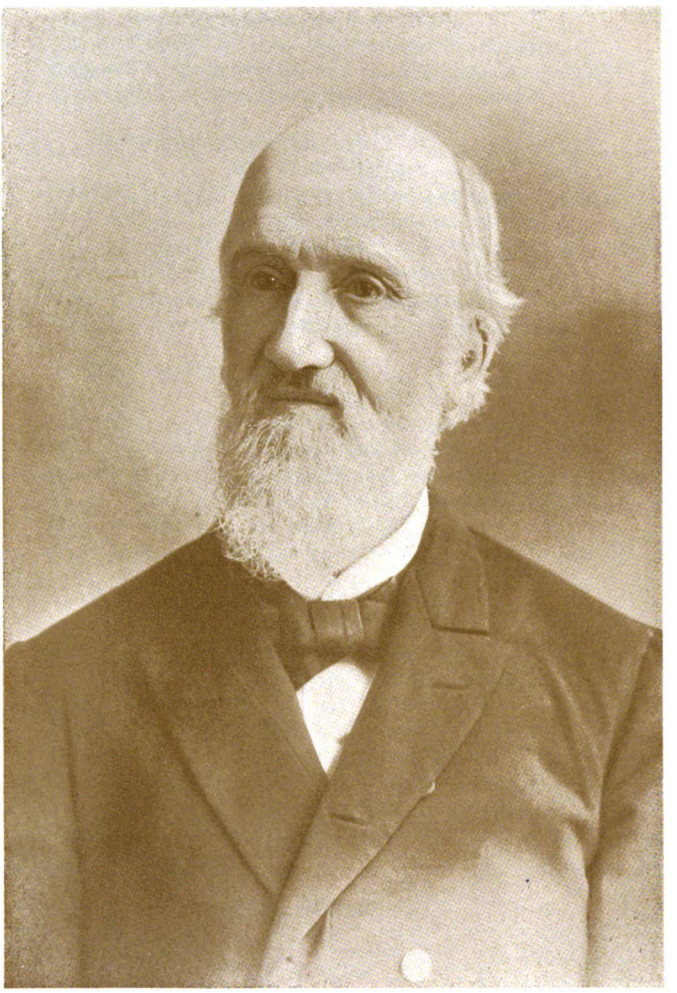

REV. JOHN MASON FERRIS, D. D.

Pastor from 1849 to 1851.

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ADDRESS OF

The Rev. John Mason Ferris, D. D.

IT is a rare privilege and enjoyment to review the events of two hundred years of vigorous beneficent life such as has been the life of this church. My knowledge of that life extends over nearly one half of the period. I came here as pastor forty-eight years ago. There were here elderly men and women who distinctly remembered the ministry of "old Domine Smith," as they called him always. He was installed as pastor here in 1808. They loved to tell of his ministry, and of that of Rev. Dr. George Du Bois, especially of the revivals which occurred during their pastorates; and they also recalled with interest the events of other periods, and the members of the church they had known and been associated with. I liked to hear their reminiscences; they saw that I did, and talked freely. So that I have certain knowledge of what this church has been for the past eighty-nine years.

The words "old" and "venerable," as we use them in our common speech, are not strictly applicable to this church. They carry a suggestion of weakness, of failing powers, of dulled perception and declining activity. This church has never been weak. It was a strong, intellectual, moral and

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spiritual force on the day when it was organized. It is one of the most influential factors in the life of this community to-day. Favorite words with men of science at this time are force and energy. Forceful and energetic in the best sense and toward the best ends has been the life of this church from its beginning hitherto. May God grant that it shall be so to the end of time.

Although there were other churches in Tarrytown when I began my life as a minister here,—I came here from the Theological Seminary,—this was the religious home of by far the larger part of the community. The congregation consisted largely of farmers. With them were associated the storekeepers and professional men of the community. A considerable proportion of the congregation consisted of working-men,—carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, brick-makers, fishermen and ordinary laborers. There were four boarding-schools of good repute in the village, which attracted scholars from New York and other cities, and even from remote parts of our country. They were represented every Sabbath in the audiences which assembled in the two church buildings which were then the property of this corporation. The beauty of the locality and its healthfulness, the pleasant access by swift steamboats, drew to the village merchants from New York city, and men of wealth and refinement, and what was better, of piety. The trains of the railroad, which began to visit us at the very time I was called here, increased the inflow of intelligent and well-to-do families. All classes looked to this church for pastoral service. Even the people from the Hollow, just over the hill to the east, called me their minister. It was said that they took sometimes what did not belong to them from the possessions of the farmers east and west of them. I dislike to say this, for they were my friends. I married them, buried their dead, and had their affectionate sympathy. Their depredations seemed to me trivial and by no means serious. They attended only the afternoon service, which was then held in the building now belonging to the Second Church. Frequently they filled two or three of the back pews of the audience room.

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All this made the field a most attractive one. The duties of the minister were constant, covered a large territory, made uninterrupted demands upon time and thought, and sympathy; they taxed body, and mind, and heart. I love to recall them. Difficult as they often were to perform, there was unspeakable enjoyment in them. My only regret to-day is that I did not do more, and do it better.

The relations between these families of various conditions were friendly and sympathetic. One incident will serve to illustrate their character. I was called to conduct the funeral of the child of a working-man. As I drove up to his cottage I saw the carriages of some of the gentlemen of the vicinity in the open field before the door. The sight was startling and depressive. It was my first contact with the custom. Was I to speak before Mr. Irving, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Paulding! My preparation was for a simple address on the words of our Lord: "Suffer little children to come unto me." But as I entered the house my fears were allayed. The men I feared were not there. That was kind. Kind to the gathering of workingmen and women. It left them to hold their service without restraint. The carriages were there to convey the working people to this graveyard, this treasure-house which surrounds this building. There were very few carriages at that day to be hired in the village. It was customary for those who owned carriages to send them to the homes of their friends on funeral occasions, and the beauty of the custom was that it included the respectable working classes.

Workingmen in this vicinity were chiefly Americans. There were also some Scotchmen, Englishmen, and a few Irishmen. The most skilful among them worked from seven o'clock in the morning to seven o'clock in the evening, for two dollars, and two dollars and a half a day, and the common laborers for a dollar and a dollar and a half. A considerable proportion owned the houses they lived in. They desired to improve their condition, but strikes were unknown. The relations between employers and the employed were friendly as a rule, and often sympathetic, almost affectionate.

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This wide diversity of men regarded this church as their church, and *here* they were brethren. Men had their differences, rivalries, envyings and jealousies, but these were upon the surface, in their hearts they were friends. I can never forget their unbroken, abounding kindness to me and mine.

The service desired from the pulpit at that time deserves thoughtful attention. The remembrance of the revivals during the ministry of Domine Smith and of Dr. Du Bois, was cherished. Men often talked about those periods when the power of the Holy Spirit was manifested. The religious interest aroused at those times of refreshing reached far beyond this community. It was felt for a long distance up and down the river. Transportation at that time was by sloops, the graceful North River sloops that added so much to the picturesqueness and life of this bay, and that some of us miss so much to-day. During the revivals the captains of the sloops, almost from New York to Albany, on their way up or down the river, tied up to the dock here or cast anchor and came ashore with their men to enjoy the evening week-day service and receive a blessing. The people, after that experience, those who had shared in it and those who heard of it, desired a revival. They expected the preaching of the great truths of God's word to result in a revival. Fortunately among those who were the first, in 1850 and during a few years after, to come here from New York and Brooklyn were men and women who had been connected in those cities with churches intent upon the conversion of souls, who thought it a chief duty of a Christian church to strive for the conversion of those who were not professors of faith in Christ. They reënforced the desire prevalent here. The people desired preaching that would tend to produce a revival. They had no wish for the services of an evangelist. No evangelist had been here since the visits of that eccentric preacher, Lorenzo Dow. They wished a revival that, to use the common phrase, "came of itself," that was the result of accumulated instruction and conviction produced by the preaching of the settled pastor. They desired their minister to preach of God

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as a moral ruler, holy and just, of the sinfulness of human nature, of the need of every man to be born again — born from above, born of the Holy Spirit; of the work of Jesus Christ as a sacrifice for sin, of Christ as man's mediator with God, of faith in Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of lost men, and that without faith in Christ all men in Christian lands and living in the light of Revelation are lost; of retribution — the blessedness in the life to come of those who are Christ's and the condemnation of those who continue in sin and reject Christ. They desired also a full and earnest declaration of the love of God, of his power to save and desire to save; of the love and sympathy of Jesus Christ, of the riches of this grace, sufficient for every time of need.

These truths the congregations which gathered here desired to hear from the pulpit. They desired conversions as the result of instruction, warning, entreaty and invitation. They expected conversions. God honored their desire and expectation. There were conversions constantly, some of them remarkable and unexpected even to those who had a knowledge of the great revivals of preceding years. And at last a revival "began of itself," somewhat to the surprise of us all, in the week-day prayer-meeting, attended by less than a score of persons, in the small and struggling Protestant Methodist Church in North Tarrytown. The handful of Christians had come there with no expectation of the spirit which was to be aroused in them after the meeting was over, while three or four of them were walking together homeward. They resolved to meet again the following evening. The attendance at that second meeting was twice as large as that of the evening before. After three or four days the lecture room would not hold the people who came to it, and the service was transferred to the church on the story above. The religious interest extended throughout the village. All the churches participated in the blessing from above, and during four to six months there were unusual additions to the number of those who believed.

Such were the social relations existing here nearly fifty

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years ago, such the character of the congregations which worshiped God in this church, such was the preaching desired and the result. Our desire and prayer to God is that the coming years shall find this always the people's church, that the church shall increase in knowledge, and in true Christian life and power, and that the blessing of God upon faithful service shall exceed that which has been enjoyed during the years we review to-day.

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REV. ABEL T. STEWART, D. D.

Pastor from 1852 to 1866.

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A TRIBUTE TO OUR DUTCH ANCESTORS.

ADDRESS OF THE

Rev. David D. Demarest, D. D., LL. D.

IN inviting me to be present, and to take part in the exercises of this interesting occasion, your worthy pastor was pleased to say: "One other thing our consistory desires. It is anxious to have a representative from our institutions at New Brunswick, and one who is a thorough Dutchman. No one answers to this so well as yourself." Now, it seems to be due to him, to you, and to myself as well, that you should be satisfied that he spoke whereof he knew. If the facts that one has been graduated from Rutgers College, and also from the Theological School at New Brunswick, that he has been a trustee of the College forty years, secretary of the trustees thirty-one years, and Professor in the Theological School thirty-two years, give him a right to appear as a representative of those institutions, I know of no one who has a better right than I. My satisfaction as their representative is not diminished by the fact that these are the two oldest institutions of the Reformed

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Dutch Church, for the establishment of which the fathers prayed and labored for 50 years, from the time of Domine Bertholf down.

The right to appear as a "thorough Dutchman" may not be quite so clear. My title is clouded by the fact that I do not even bear a Dutch name. You cannot very well make anything but French out of the name "des Marets." But time has wrought a change in the pronunciation and spelling of it till we have a new name, which, however, bears no resemblance to the Dutch. But everything else is in my favor. My ancestor eight generations back, a Huguenot refugee from France, lived for a time in Holland, came to New Netherland before its surrender to the English, worshiped with the Dutch, whose language he understood, whenever he could not do so in his native French, which he preferred so greatly that he built a church for his children and co-religionists on the banks of the Hackensack, which, however, died with his death. His children and grandchildren cast in their lot with the Dutch church of Hackensack, then just formed; they helped the Dutch in building their first house of worship "on the Green." The initials of the names of some of them may to-day be seen carved in the stones in the walls of the present church, to which these stones have been transferred. The earlier generations were for thirty years parishioners of the Dutch minister Domine Bertholf, who at the same time cared for the infant church of Tarrytown. The French language died out at once from the family as well as from the church. Dutch became the mother tongue of all the succeeding generations. The succession from father to son never failed for eight generations. All belonged to the Dutch Church; there were no other churches in all northern New Jersey. Thus it happened that I was in early boyhood not only made familiar with, "trippe troppe troontijes—de varker en de boontijes," but was made to hear many a Dutch sermon regularly, from our Domine James V. C. Romeyn, and occasionally one from the neighboring ministers, Domine Lansing of Tappan and Domine Elting of Paramus. If this is not enough to vindicate your pastor from the charge of rashness in his invita-

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tion, then I am willing to submit to a competititive examination in Jersey Dutch with any American-born Van Tassel, Van Houten, Van Winkle, or Vanderdonck.

It is fitting that we should to-day candidly enquire whether we owe much to our ancestors for which it becomes us to be grateful, or whether we have received from them a heritage of disabilities and impediments which justify regret that they had not been a different kind of people, with other ideas and policies and methods. It is not well to exaggerate the virtues of an ancestry when those virtues are dependent on exaggeration for their discovery. Nor is it well on the other hand to belittle, and even diminish to a vanishing point, genuine virtues, in depreciating which we, to our shame, only echo the ignorant or unfriendly talk of others. Least of all is it creditable to apologize for that which may be worthy of praise.

When I speak of our ancestors, I mean the Dutch people who settled in New Netherland two hundred or more years ago, and the early generations of their descendants. The Huguenots, though considerable in numbers, speedily became Dutch ecclesiastically and introduced the Dutch language into their families, that is, those who found their homes in Dutch communities. But the dominating element was the national Dutch with the racial characteristics that affected the religious spirit, the ecclesiastical relations, policy and administration. Moreover, everything was under the guardianship, direction, and control of the authorities in the fatherland beyond the sea. The Dutch there shaped and settled ecclesiastical matters here, even to the minutest details.

It has come to be accepted as an axiomatic truth that the Reformed Church of the Netherlands has not taken the position, nor made the progress, in this country that she ought to have done and would have done, had it not been for the slow, phlegmatic, over-cautious disposition and timid policy of her leaders and people. Her present comparative smallness is attributed entirely to a lack of foresight or to a lack of courage and energy to improve opportunities. It is asked Why is it that this Church, which was

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the first one planted in New Netherland, has not remained in the front rank instead of falling back to a place among the smaller denominations. It is hastily concluded that nothing but proverbial Dutch slowness has prevented this denomination from outnumbering in churches and members any other one in New York City and the parts adjacent, and even to march at the head of the column for taking possession of new fields in the South and West of our great country. We have ourselves been thoughtless and foolish enough to catch the tune from our neighbors and to sing the same song. The amusing and pleasant caricatures by Diedrich Knickerbocker have been received as truthful descriptions.

It is good just at this point to stop a moment and refresh our memories of "brave little Holland" in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We may search with magnifying glasses for proofs of this marvelous slowness and we fail to find them. She was not slow when she drove the Spaniards beyond her borders, and her Tromp and De Ruyter swept the English Channel; when her navigators led the way toward the North and also the South Pole; when her merchants found their way to Japan, monopolizing its foreign trade, and established themselves in the East Indies, and commanded not only the commerce of the East but sought new fields in the West, in Brazil, Surinam, the West India Islands, and South Africa; nor when she taught the world the principles of civil and religious liberty, jurisprudence and statesmanship; distinguished herself for classical culture, and at the same time for free popular education; took the lead in painting, music, horticulture, in short in all the arts of civilized life; and crowned all with her munificent philanthropies, and gigantic missionary operations. It would have been a strange thing, indeed, if the few Dutchmen who came to New Netherlands had been exceptions to their everywhere enterprising countrymen, and had proved themselves to be a slow, phlegmatic, unenterprising set, who preferred to sit on their front stoops smoking their pipes and gossiping with their neighbors. The Dutch stock has wonderfully risen of late years, and

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membership in the St. Nicholas and Holland societies is coveted as a high honor. In one thing the Dutch in this country have been very slow, that is, in telling the world of the virtues and merits of their ancestors. In fact, they have themselves learned these from writers in whose veins courses the blood of other nationalities, O'Callaghan of the Irish, Prescott, Brodhead and Motley of the English, Douglas Campbell of the Scotch, Griffis of the Welsh.

Perhaps the Dutch did not do all that they might have done for the spread of their Church, but is not the same thing true of the other denominations who used the English tongue? Those who claim that if the Dutch had possessed the push and enterprise of the Yankees things would have been very different will do well to remember that the people of New England did very little to extend their Church order outside of their own territory until a period within the memory of many who are now living.

It is an easy thing for us who enjoy the wonderful advantages of our nineteenth-century civilization, and our marvelous increase of resources, to criticize and disparage the work of the pioneers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We must consider that New Amsterdam was a village of about fifteen hundred inhabitants when the Dutch supremacy passed away forever; that at that time Dutch immigration ceased almost entirely; that political power and patronage were in the hands of the English; that the English governors sought and obtained special favors for the Episcopal denomination, claiming that it was the Church by law established; that English became speedily the language in which the young were educated; that outside of the very few towns were the scattered communities of farmers who were engaged in felling forests, clearing farms, making roads, struggling for a livelihood, too poor to import ministers from Holland, which was the only way of obtaining them; that, consequently, there were four times as many congregations as ministers; that a remedy for this state of things was found only after a long season of bitter and destructive controversy.

To these must be added the insuperable barrier of the

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Dutch tongue. The denominations that used the English language had every one of the thirteen colonies open to them, while the Dutch were confined to their original restricted territory of northern New Jersey, the city of New York, the valley of the Hudson, Long and Staten Islands, and to their own people within that territory. The Dutch language continued in almost universal use until near the close of the last century, a period of one hundred and seventy years, and it continued in use in many places far into the present century. In this very thing, you may say, we have the conclusive proof of Dutch slowness in that they held fast to a language that effectually prevented progress, and which every one must have seen would speedily be displaced. Yes, but it was not the slowness of Dutch character, but of human nature. Under similar circumstances the people of any other nationality would have shown similar slowness. Think you that the English people would at once have dropped their mother-tongue and adopted the Dutch if they had been the conquered party instead of the conquerors? Almost the last thing that a people will part with is the language used in family and social life, their mother-tongue, in which they have been taught as children to pray, to sing their songs and to worship God in the sanctuary. A language cannot be set aside by a vote, nor put off, folded up and laid aside as a garment.

The Dutch ministers could not officiate in English. The churches with three or four exceptions, were too poor to employ an additional minister to preach in English, if one had been desired. If the few churches that could afford to do this had done it promptly, they would doubtless have saved many of the young from leaving the church of their fathers, but with the vast majority of congregations the temptation to leave did not exist, there being no English-using churches in their vicinity. Looking back from our present point of view we may have our regrets about the matter, but let us put ourselves in the place of our Dutch ancestors, and be reasonable in our judgments, and fair in our criticisms. It does not become us to be severe on those who only did what we would have done if we had been in their place.

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I cannot speak of what the denomination has done, and is doing in these latter days, but you should note that it is little more than half a century ago that the Reformed Dutch Church could begin to think of denominational extension beyond her original confines.

I would that the time allowed me to dwell on the positive influence exerted by the old-time ministers, which is felt to the present day.

They were models of fidelity in the fulfilment of their contracts with their own congregations, and with the higher church authorities in the Netherlands. The catechizing of the youth and systematic family visitation were scrupulously attended to. If any one had ventured to neglect a prescribed duty, an elder was never wanting to remind him of it, and to admonish him. The people were trained to a faithful performance of all that had been promised by them for the support and comfort of their minister. If he was pledged to preach, they acknowledged their obligation to be present and hear. The family pew was always full, containing the juvenile flock as well as parents and grandparents; and that when there was only a voorleser to conduct the services.

The pulpits of these men knew nothing beside sound evangelical preaching. The sermons were not dry, abstract discussions of dogma, nor philosophic and metaphysical disquisitions, and least of all, rhetorical extravagances. Perhaps the retention of the Dutch language was a security against the influence of metaphysical treatises that were published in the English language, and which might have spoiled the Dutch preachers.

It seems to me that there was also a great safeguard in the required custom of expounding, weekly, the Lord's days of the Heidelberg Catechism. This secured fifty-two sermons that could not fail to be full of the living, experimental and practical truths of the Gospel. A preacher could turn this incomparable symbol into a dry system of abstract theology only by grievously mistaking its genius and spirit. The preacher of to-day is to be pitied who inflicts fifty-two theological lectures on his people instead

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of giving them that number of discourses full of living truths following the line of Christian experience, and bearing on every department of practical life. This course of preaching must have furnished models for the other sermons, and have tended to shut out all discourses that would fail to interest, attract, and edify the people, and to set forth in the brightest orb of glory the person and work of the Redeemer.

It may surprise you to learn that many of these old-time ministers possessed a missionary spirit and were abundant in missionary labors. They came from a country that was noted for its missionary enterprise, and from a church concerning which one has said: "She was the greatest sustentation and missionary society in the world in the last century." Their calls usually contained the requirement that they should labor for the conversion of the surrounding heathen. This was done to some extent, and with considerable success, among the Indians in the neighborhood of Albany and of Schoharie County. When the New York Missionary Society was formed in 1796 by Presbyterian, Baptist, and Reformed Dutch people, our own Dr. Livingston was made vice-president, and by his powerful sermons did much to awaken interest in missions. The influence of his sermons was felt by the students of Williams' College who prayed at the haystack, and by the students in Andover Seminary.

The territory occupied by the Dutch people was largely a missionary field. Three fourths of the congregations were without ministers, and those who had pastors gladly consented that they should give much time and care to the shepherdless flocks far and near.

Guilliaume Bertholf was pastor of the churches of Hackensack and Acquackenonck and spent his Sundays with them. On Monday Tunis Van Houten would arrive, and bring the domine with him to Tarrytown. As soon as convenient the people would assemble for preparatory service, and the children that had arrived since his last visit would be presented for baptism. On the following day a sermon would be preached and the Lord's supper administered.

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Meanwhile the children would be catechized, and houses would be visited where there was sickness, or some other circumstance requiring attention. Thus a great part of the week would be spent by him away from his home and his own congregations. Part of another week would be spent at the Ponds, of another at Tappan, of another on Staten Island, of another at Raritan, forty miles distant. For fifteen years he was the only Dutch minister in New Jersey, and on him was the care of all the churches. Rightly has he been denominated the "Apostle of New Jersey." After a colony of Dutch and Huguenots from Ulster County had settled at Port Jervis, Domine Mancius, of Kingston, visited them regularly to preach and administer the sacraments. When some of these people passed down the Delaware and settled at Walpack, the ministers from New Brunswick and its vicinity took charge of them. When a large number of Jersey Dutchmen located at Conewago, near Gettysburg, Pa., Hardenbergh, Van Harlingen, and other ministers visited them in turn, spending weeks in so doing. When a colony of Dutchmen from New Jersey made their home in Kentucky, Peter Labagh was sent to be their minister. He reached his field after a perilous journey of three months on horseback.

I am glad, Christian friends, not only of the opportunity to bring to you my congratulations on the completion of two hundred years of your church life, but to present them in this historic building hallowed by precious associations of the olden times, and by memories of generations of faithful ministers who have here served, and of devout people who have here worshiped. I feel that I could do you no better service than to pay a grateful tribute to the worth and work of our colonial ecclesiastical ancestors, concerning which there is no little ignorance and misapprehension. They had not our facilities and resources. Hampered as they were, they did what they could; let their example stimulate us to do likewise.

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ADDRESS OF

The Rev. Charles W. Fritts, D. D.

BELOVED in the Lord Jesus Christ, it is with rare pleasure to-day that I bring you the best congratulations of our honored denomination. The elder churches of the East, the home mission congregations of the West, our brothers and sisters, converts from Paganism in our missions in India and China, Japan and Arabia, all join in their greetings to you on this bicentennial memorial.

As an old colonial church you are worthy of highest honor. Those first churches gathered in the wilderness, threatened by savages, oppressed by poverty, yet ever standing for Christ and his gospel, are as conspicuous as forest fires upon the mountain top.

We have already heard rehearsed the noble history so replete with disclosures of the gracious providence and unspeakable grace of God.

And it is most fitting that this celebration should occur during one of the longest pastorates of the flock, during the ministry of one so richly endowed mentally and spiritually, so distinguished as an eloquent expounder of divine truth, so distinguished for faithful and fruitful service.

Amid all our noisy newness, it is well often to recall the piety, the fidelities, the sacrifices and heroisms of our fathers.

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REV. GEORGE DU BOIS.

Pastor from 1838 to 1844.

Photograph of Portrait, painted in 1825, in the possession of
W. M. du Bois, White Plains.

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This church was old when the Republic was born. Five English sovereigns had ruled its people — William, Anne, and the three Georges, before our national independence was achieved.

These founders had iron in their blood; they were men of iron manhood. They were not the simple, primitive, unsophisticated souls that have now and again been described by some historians. They had come from the then foremost nation of Europe. They had wrested their country from the clutches of the sea, and then had defended it against hostile, murderous invaders until it was drenched in blood. They were an intelligent, moral and religious people. Migrating across the seas, they brought with them as a matter of course the teacher and the minister of the Gospel. And as every link in the chain of their creed had been forged in the fires of persecution, their faith was as real to them as the earth under their feet, and the sky over their heads. Their love of liberty, though frequently eulogized, has never yet received its due measure of appreciation.

These ancestors of yours and mine were the bravest of the brave. They were men of heroic mold. In Grecian story it is said that the youth Achilles was fed on the marrow of lions to give him strength and courage. The courage of these men was fostered by their love of righteousness. European history has no more splendid pages than the desperate, awful, glorious struggle of the Dutch Protestants for emancipation from the Papacy and the Spaniard. And the colonists had inherited the spirit of their sires. Many an historic incident illustrates this.

In 1649 they address in a petition the authorities in the United Netherlands as "High and Mighty Lords States General, Our Most Serene Sovereigns," and then crave exemption from duties, tenths, and taxes, observing by way of explanation that "sheep cannot well be shorn before the wool grows, that men must have before they can give." They were convinced that the demands of the home government were unjust, and dared to say so.

During the reign of William and Mary in 1691, this little province enacted "that no free man shall be taken or im-

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prisoned or be deprived of his freehold, or liberty, or free customs, or outlawed, or exiled, or any other ways destroyed, nor shall be passed upon, adjudged or condemned but by the lawful judgment of his peers, and by the law of this Province."

Here you have the spirit of 1776 — five-and-eighty years before the Revolution. In 1702 Lord Cornbury, the then Governor, urges upon the General Assembly taxation for the construction of certain fortifications. They plead the poverty of the colony, and then with the coolness of the Polar regions, say, "We humbly beseech your Excellency's intercession with her most sacred Majesty (Queen Anne), to extend her gracious bounty to these impoverished parts, in bestowing what in her royal pleasure, she shall judge requisite toward finishing the intended fortifications"!! Their colossal presumption compels both our admiration and affection.

These are the men that were your ancestors. These are the stalwart men that laid low the forests, that built roads, that bridged streams never before spanned except by the rainbow, that reared homes and schoolhouses and churches, made laws, resisted tyrannies, all unconscious that later generations would call them great and celebrate their deeds.

Here they worshiped, here they had vision of the Cross of the Crucified and of the glory everlasting. And as their lot was cast in an "age of homespun," the mothers were models of industry and wisdom. Often the clothing for the entire family was spun and woven in the home.

The late Rev. Dr. Bushnell states that in the neighboring colony of Connecticut a young parson, afterward a celebrated minister, came to the point of marriage in midwinter. On account of the Revolution, then in progress, he could discover no way of obtaining the all-essential wedding suit. At this juncture the young woman's energetic mother had some of her sheep sheared and sewed up in blankets, to prevent their perishing from the cold, that the much-desired felicity might be consummated. And I am sure there were mothers here equal to just such emergencies. In those times the wife was indeed a helpmeet, for

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the whirr of the spinning-wheel and the creaking of the loom were everywhere heard. These colonial dames were as noted for their beauty, their virtues, their piety, as for their tact and industry.

It is a splendid history, the record of these saints that have passed into the heavens.

And then on your rolls are some elect names that are as lustrous as the gems of a kingly crown, because they were borne by those who loved much and wrought much for Christ and his Church. We honor ourselves in honoring them.

Now an occasion like this suggests several grave and weighty thoughts. We are reminded to-day that the past gives the present whatever of glory it possesses.

The present is the aggregated past. Take our ordinary speech, and its commonest words are meaningless without the past. Love, home, patriotism, country, religion, mean so much because they carry in them histories.

The past of God's providence and grace makes his love to us in the now seem as real as yonder majestic river flowing on to the sea.

No life can rightly go forward to anything worthy or great that forgets what others have thought and wrought and suffered. No man can appreciate the present who does not honor the past. The reason why so many have no relation to the Church of God is because they have thrust away the memories of their fathers and mothers who once worshiped at her altars. What multitudes have trodden these aisles on their way to the New Jerusalem!

This venerable edifice has a prayer in every pore; and could these stones cry out they would speak of devotions and consecrations that had in them celestial power and beauty. And, again, this relation of the present to the past gives to our lives a larger significance than we usually realize.

Our lives are not simple units between the cradle and to-day. They are complex quantities. We are the sum of all our ancestors. We are not only what we have made ourselves, but what others have made us. Much of charac-

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ter is hereditary. And our bodies have organic memories. There are ancestral lineaments in our features. We repeat our fathers in motion and gesture, in glance and tones. God registers the father in the child generation after generation. When Israel went up out of Egypt on the way to Canaan they carried with them the bones of Joseph. That mummy case stood for a wonderful history that was in its elements and inspirations inseparably a part of their lives. In us are living the faiths and loves of the past, and the very sinews of our being are made up of factors that come out of the bygone. The problems of life are not matters that concern only our few brief years. They are the heirlooms of the centuries, and have confronted the ages, and have made hearts to ponder, and thrill, and suffer since time began. The lives we are living, the hopes we are entertaining, the plans and purposes we are working out, the history we are making, the chief sources of it all go back to the heroes of the Revolution, back to the colonial fathers, back to the sires of the church of the Netherlands. In this light how sublime and awful becomes our existence.

And once more, such an occasion as this reminds us of our obligations and responsibilities to the future. Others have made life for us. Others have been contributing the best elements that enter into it. And so it is imperative upon us to make life larger and better for those who come after us. To-day is so full, rich, and fruitful of all things Christlike because those who have gone before were true and brave, and kept the faith. The way by the Cross and to the city on high is deep worn; it is luminous and radiant because of their footsteps. God and redemption, the church and heaven, are dearer to us because of them. We have entered into their labors. Their faith, their consecrations, their characters are our choicest treasures. Hence our obligations and responsibilities — so that others from us may gather inspirations and enthusiasms; so that from us there shall be trend moving swiftly toward all good and on to the eternal shore.

In closing, permit me to say that the two centuries of the goodness and mercy of the Lord our God that you now are

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celebrating—that these resplendent years are prophecy of a triumphant future. You yourselves and your church ever going on in grace and strength are fulfilments of God's promises. Your past is the pledge of God for a victorious future. We often fear and dread to-morrow, because we have forgotten yesterday.

Much of the past has been the realization of the apparently impossible. The powder sleeps until the spark releases its gigantic power. Memory of the past and faith in God for the future will set free vast latent forces and make you mighty for the doing of the Master's will and work. With such a heritage you can never retreat in any battle for God and the truth. With a history prophetic, with the constraining love of Christ, and the joy and peace of his salvation, you are assured of glorious triumph.

Standing here in these hallowed courts, to falter, to doubt, would be disloyalty and sin.

Again, I congratulate you, and pray in the words of Moses, "The Lord God of your fathers make you a thousand times so many more as ye are, and bless you as he hath promised you."

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ADDRESS OF

The Rev. Arthur F. Mabon.

Dear Friends:

PERMIT me, first of all, to express the sense of personal honor I feel in being permitted to participate in these commemorative exercises, which are of such unusual interest to so many. But I am aware that I am here for the particular purpose of presenting the salutations of a people which feel most deeply their relationship with the Old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow. And it gives me profound pleasure to convey these greetings.

In a very real sense the Old Church has become so large in its life and influence that it truthfully can be said to have outgrown its own immediate family exclusiveness, without having lost any of it. It has demonstrated in most beautiful manner the reality of a wider circle. Such a gathering as this to-night bears witness to the spirit of a true unity among the churches, which no articles of agreement, signed and sealed, could possibly effect. From its associations, this whole community and region round about have come to believe, and rightly so, that they have a share in the life, welfare, and perpetuation of the Old Church. There is also a devotion to it from afar, owing to its national character, as it links so wonderfully in its history cer-

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This Indenture

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tain great events in our American life. It is not without significance that while our own denomination some years ago concluded it wise to drop from its corporate name the word "Dutch," the word "Reformed" has been left out naturally in common speech from the title of the Old Church. The word "Reformed" indicates a theological difference, the word "Dutch" only a national distinction, and the Dutch have for a long time been baptized into our common national life. There may be much meaning in a name. The building of a second Reformed Church in Tarrytown, sixty years ago this year, caused the Old Church to be known at that time and for some years after as the North Church. As a convenience the appropriating of the term of a compass may do very well, but what poetry or sentiment or inspiration is there in the way the weather vane points, except of course it be that of VF.

In the title by which we know it, and by which we believe it will ever be known — "The Old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow," — how suggestively are blended thoughts of age and blood and romance and religion.

True as it is, therefore, that this church has outgrown its denominational and local limitations, nevertheless it is impossible for the child, knowing the existence of the special bond which unites it to its parent, not to feel a peculiar interest in the glory which rests upon its parent. And, therefore, I am sensible that the Second Church of Tarrytown is second to none of the other children of this Church in its attitude of love and veneration and gratitude which this event calls forth. Out of her life have we come, and of her life has she given us. It speaks much for the vigor of health which the Old Church enjoyed after a century and a half of existence, that she could send forth then a little less than half of her children to establish a new independent enterprise. While it was sixty years ago that a building was erected in the south part of the village, to meet the needs of the growing community, it was not till fourteen years later that a separate organization was decided upon. That this was an important step in the career of the Old Church, perhaps its most important, is apparent.

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It indicates that there was then a renewed and emphatic expression of its old attitude toward the new conditions which were facing it at that period.

Thus our independent church life dates from the year 1851 (Nov. 24), under the ministry of Rev. John Mason Ferris, whose voice we were glad to listen to this afternoon. For one hundred and fifty-four years, therefore, our history has been one with this old church; so that if to you of the First Church there have been entrusted the great distinction and responsibility of preserving its seal, the building, the burying-ground, the ancient treasures, the historical data, which trust you have so faithfully kept, by us along with you has been enjoyed the rich heritage of Christian strength and blessed tradition as a child of this aged mother.

Of the seventy-five who united in forming the new church, all but three have been transferred to the "Church of the First Born, enrolled in Heaven." A second generation has about run its course, while a third is assuming active service.

With the influence then, of this thought, my message to-night must be something more than congratulatory, more than a wish that the ties which bind together our hearts may be as strong as Christ can make them. Such an event as this, carrying us back into the past with its memories, does so with the distinct purpose of sending us on into the future with its activities.

Emerson has reminded us that "history is to give value to the present hour and its duties."

On the threshold, almost, of the twentieth century our hearts beat fast over the thought as to what it has in store for the Church, and what the Church has in store for its life. Both of these thoughts are of supreme interest. That the world is to react on the Church is to be expected. We may rest assured that in some respects the Church will be a very different institution from what it is to-day, as that of to-day is different from that of two centuries ago. Its form will undergo reshapement. Its efficiency should be greater in every way. In other respects it is and ever will

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remain the same institution of God. There is for us who serve the Father through the Church nothing better than our fathers had, even the Gospel of the blessed Son. But if we are to use that Gospel aright we are to keep prominent the distinction which the ancient Scriptures are insisting upon always: the distinction between the temporary and the eternal, between the husk and the kernel, between the incomplete and the perfect. It does this in order to have us seek to lay hold of that which shall endure the strain of time and eternity. For we are taught of "the shaking of things which may be shaken, that the things which cannot be shaken may remain." Sometimes we become mixed up fearfully by bracing up things that ought to be shaken down, losing sight of that which ought to abide and will abide. And years cannot destroy the things of God.

"Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon."

If there is one thing that ought to be insisted upon at this time, it is that in the life of this old church we have another instance of the potency of the Gospel to adapt itself to the different and changing conditions of human life and civilization. It does not lose its character on this account. It emphasizes on the contrary its divine fullness. Nothing is more striking in the journeys of the great apostle than to witness the different conditions of life which Christianity in him confronted and which confronted it; there were the brutal heathen in the mountain wilds of Asia Minor, and the refined and intellectual pagan in the midst of classic Athens, and the throbbing business world in the seaport town of Corinth and the grateful barbarian on the island of Melita, and the court life of imperial Rome, and for each did the apostle adapt his Christianity. This history has been constantly repeated. The Church has had its position in the period of the dissolution of the empire, in the era of the revival of learning and great discoveries, in the age of the establishment and development of colonial life in our own states.

It has only failed in those instances when, not keeping

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paramount the fullness of the Gospel, it magnified unduly single phases of its truth; when it exalted its own usages; when it closed its ears to what the world was calling for most ardently and honestly. We do not mean that by recognizing human conditions, the Gospel loses any of its own character, yields any of its *real* truth, forsakes its own standard as Christ has set it aloft. But we do mean to differentiate between the transient and permanent elements of the Church. Christianity does not come in a fixed state. Divinely free, it fixes states. To the extent that the idea prevails that it has an unchangeable form, to a corresponding degree will its influence be lessened. The form of the Puritan with the accompanying spirit even may in some instances be preserved possibly to this day, and its power be quite unfelt. But the spirit of piety and love of truth, and of rigid uncompromising obedience to God, is ready to express itself now as ever it was, but surely we must not expect, nor do we desire, an identical expression of that spirit with its earlier manifestations. We cannot carry the spirit of the noble past in blocks, with an accompanying blessing, any more than we can carry the Gospel in rigid receptacles, and there is no need of trying. We are amused all of us, on account of the tenacity with which the Hollander persisted in clinging to his own language, and we may not be aware that a little over a hundred years ago this congregation was so incensed as to be almost disrupted because the enterprising minister of that day had the courage to introduce the use of English into the services. But that is not any more deplorable than some other things which we might mention as occurring in our own day. It is possible for men absolutely mute, as far as their hearts are concerned, on the great themes of love and devotion and sacrifice and faith and prayer to grow ungrandly eloquent over a slight change in the old established order of service.

The message that we bear and must speak is that we must let go favorite traditions which are purely human, if to-day they impede the usefulness of the Church in the world. Is not the life more than meat? Is not the body more than raiment? There is a necessity for dis-

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cerning with a clear eye the drift of modern thought and life, and then for such a seizing and shaping of the Gospel that its full force may meet them. If there was a time for emphasizing exclusively certain favorite doctrines, we do not mean that they are less true now, but they are to be interpreted in such a way with the ever new light of the ages, as to meet the *practical* wants of the day.

There is the same need we feel instinctively for the doctrines of divine grace which have been blessed through the years, but for the exigencies of to-day are we not justified in asking for a full presentation of the ethical features associated with them.

There is a spirit of conservatism, necessary for true progress, and which is beautiful to witness. We ought not to confuse it, however, with the spirit of refractoriness, or with moving in a rut. You are to be congratulated, Brother Allen, that, in the changed character of life in this your day, you have kept so abreast of its meaning as not to allow the deterrent influence necessarily connected with a church of such great age as this to prevent you meeting the life of to-day as it has been presented to you.

The Church, therefore, is ever to keep on discovering its position, its surroundings, its prospects. In the world it is to discern with single eye the great factors which are shaping human conditions, to note well the tendencies of thought, to observe intelligently the expressions of life, and then to seek to infuse the whole with the eternal life of the ever-living Christ through whatever channels He opens.

History is making so rapidly in these latter days that it is quite impossible for our thoughts to keep pace with the great movements taking place about us. The opening up of the whole world through commerce and intercourse makes this the most vital of all problems for the Church to meet, for with its great opportunity here, there is joined its supreme crisis.

The disintegrating forces working in the midst of old nationalities and civilizations and religions are a preparation significant of tremendous weal or woe. In the increase of cities, and the revolution in trades and industries, who

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can measure the suggestive meaning of these things? They mean a transformed life — this we know. Our fathers had to battle bravely with the forests. We — does it not so appear? — will have our battle right in the midst of the density of humanity. If there is a social problem to be faced and *righteously* met,—and that there is no one can doubt who sees and thinks,— it is Christianity which must insist on being heard, but it must be the *Christianity of Christ.* Jesus by his life and death has shown the laws of peace and prosperity which shall continue.

The founding of a church, in the environment of two centuries ago, is an illustration of the thought that the Church possesses the ability to meet the changing conditions of life; the founding of a second church from this one is an added illustration. We of to-day and to-morrow require that same training of mind and soul to place the Gospel and maintain it before every condition, as did those whom we honor to-night. We are not to do our work according to the same plan as did they, any more than we are to use their old flints and plow-shares. But fire and industry, and vigilance and love, we cannot well do without, The supreme value of piety, the heroic character of faith, the undying devotion to truth, the sanctifying influence of love, these are the eternal things that are to be ground down deep in our own Christian lives. These are the features which make our fathers' lives of real value to us. We could forget all else; but we cannot afford to forget these things. It is fidelity to God and loyalty to His truth which shine out in the establishing of a House of God, in the wilds of this new country. With all the primitive beauty of this region — and it must have been of surpassing beauty — there must have been much in the life inspiring dread as well. But it was the heroism of faith and love that sent these servants of God through the virgin forests infested with all the dangers of unknown surroundings. These things must remain. They cannot be shaken, though their persons pass away to mingle with the dust, and their houses of worship fall and crumble or must needs be renewed.

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With the same old vigor the old Church bids the Church of to-day go on its heaven-appointed duty, meet the new life with unwavering trust, give itself in heroic self-sacrifice as did its Master, glorify the Christ, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. For the truth which it carries in its bosom is older than two centuries, older than organized Christianity itself. It is to be traced back to the days of eternity. One might tremble in thinking of the coming years. But with some knowledge of the past, and from some acquaintance with the Christ, we look onward. Thus does the future become radiant.

For the dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless,
Love is eternal,
God is still God,
His faith shall not fail us,
Christ is eternal.

Longfellow.

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ADDRESS OF

Hamilton W. Mabie, L. H. D.

NO dominant note is ever struck in history which has not been preceded by fainter and less certain notes; no great truth is finally proclaimed which has not been predicted by imperfect and confused statements; one age grows out of another as definitely and certainly as the individual man passes from stage to stage in his own development. History is an unbroken story. It is not a mere record of facts, a narrative of detached events; it is the story of the race told in a long series of dramatic situations, occurrences, and characters; and its supreme interest for us lies in the fact that it is a story full of surprises, rich in great characters, splendid with great achievements, and shadowed by all kinds of great calamities. It is the drama of the spiritual life of man; and it is a drama because of the moral quality which dominates it: the deed continually returning upon the doer, the act continually reacting upon the actor, results forever bound up in causes, so that each act in the drama prepares the way for the succeeding act.

No man can understand, therefore, the time in which he lives unless he understands also the times which have preceded him. It is folly to attempt to copy the past slavishly, but it is equally foolish to attempt to cut away from it.

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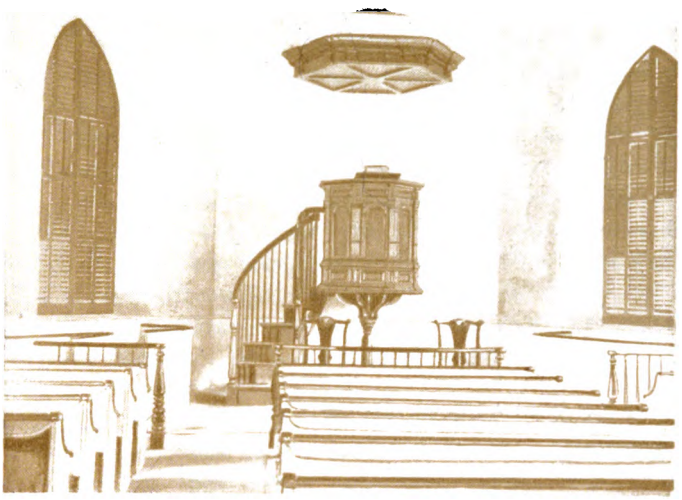

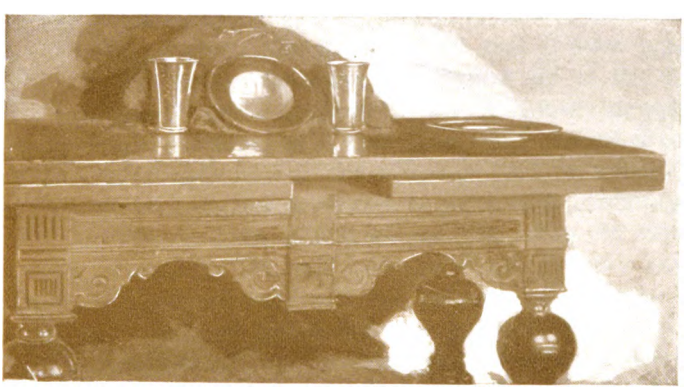

1 Interior of Old Church.

2 Communion Table and Service.

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We are very largely what the past has made us in character, condition, and institutions. We are the children of our fathers to the remotest generations; blood of their blood, and bone of their bone. They are not dead. They live in us in a thousand obscure instincts, in temperament, habit and taste. Every man stands by himself, and yet every man is bound to the race by spiritual and physical ties which are indestructible. It is often said that each generation stands on the shoulders of the generations that have gone before it. It does more; it works with their hands and sees with their eyes. We live upon the capital which the past has accumulated for us. This great shelter and home which we call civilization was built not by but for us; its foundations were laid by hands long since gone to dust; it has been built up painfully and tragically by forgotten generations.

Tarrytown is fortunate in this new world in the possessions of memorials of this past; fortunate in the loveliness of its outlook upon one of those great rivers which earliest tempted the explorer and colonizer; fortunate in being the scene of one of the very few legends which this new country possesses; fortunate in being able to count among its citizens one of those men of imagination who touch the vanishing past with the finger of art and it lives again; fortunate in being the scene of the first act of the most romantic and tragic episode in the Revolutionary struggle; fortunate in the survival of that quaint and ancient church, which still stands among the sleeping dead, to remind us that neither here nor hereafter is there any perishing of that mysterious force which we call life. The old church stands to-night in the soft splendor of the October moonlight, touched not only with the romance of the past but with the reverence which belongs to its own history, to remind us that our first reverence and affection are due not to its venerable walls, but to the vanished company of those of whose faith and worship it was the visible symbol and home. The Japanese have a beautiful custom which foreigners call "The Feast of Lanterns," but which is really the feast of the dead. On a certain day in each year every

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home and temple and highway is swept and garnished; food is placed on all tables, flowers on every altar, and lanterns are hung along all the highways and the courses of the rivers; because it is believed in the silence of the night the dead come back to the places and ways once familiar to them, and are welcomed by this sweet and gracious hospitality of the living. Our dead do not re-visit us, but we pay them the very highest honor when we recall their characters and remind ourselves of the illimitable debt of gratitude which we owe them.

The Old Church reminds us to-night that we are the members of an imperishable race, to which, in its entirety, are committed the doing of God's work and the complete living of man's life in the world. We do not stand alone in our time or our work. We are not making all things new. We are co-workers with an innumerable company, some of whom have gone before, and others of whom will follow after us; all alike preserving the continuity of an immortal undertaking. No man sees the Hudson River who stands on the bank and watches the water as it flows past him; he sees the movement, but he does not see the river. To really see the river one must travel back through the broad reaches of green banks and the narrow mountain channels to the springs from which it issues; and one must travel onward with it to the place where it loses itself in a vaster water. In like manner, to understand the life of man one must travel back to its beginning and forward to that mysterious place and hour where it mingles with the invisible sea beyond. The generations come and go, but the race-life is continuous and unbroken. The workers fall and vanish, but the race-work neither pauses nor rests; the race never tires; young feet are always pressing into the old ways; young hands are always lifting the torches which fall from hands that are old and weary; young hearts are always beating high with hope and enthusiasm. We recall to-night the vast company of those who have made the way smooth for us, and we reaffirm our loyalty to the fellowship of the race which, through incalculable labors, sacrifices, and sorrows has made civilization possible.

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The continuity of the life and work of man ennobles the individual worker and invests his work with lasting dignity. It takes him out of the isolation in which he seems to stand. This conception of the continuity of race-life, and the unity of the race-work as expressing the complete life of man, is fast breaking through the narrowness of all partialistic thinking. To those who must match an actual government of love in the world with a belief in a God of love there can be no favored race, and no survivor of a favored race in a general disaster which overtakes all other races. God must love all races with divine impartiality. He has given each race its own genius in order that it might make its own contribution to that great result of all living which we call civilization. Each race has done its work under the conditions of climate, history, temperament which Providence had made for it; and nothing has been lost that has been well and wisely done. There has been no vast waste of nations in order that a few favored nations might build upon their ruins.

A touch of the old barbaric idea still survives to give our patriotism a provincial and unchristian tinge, but this barbaric survival is slowly giving away to the conception of the brotherhood of the race. We have come to understand that at certain points each race is superior to all other races, and that to refuse to recognize that superiority is to betray our own ignorance. We have learned to see, with Matthew Arnold, the power of beauty among the Italians, the power of social life among the French, the power of knowledge among the Germans, the power of conduct among the English. On this continent the word foreigner cannot convey an impression of inferiority, because we were all foreigners not so long ago. We are slow to recognize this great thought of the brotherhood of races, but it has existed as a fact from the very beginning. Men have worked for each other in spite of their blind antagonisms, and every race has had its hand in the hand of every other race. This is beautifully illustrated in education, which is always the supreme concern of society. It is impossible for any race to educate its children within the confines of its

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own history. No race has ever been able to make its own school. Each nation sends its children to the whole race for education, and no man is ever educated who has not had the race as his teacher. The Arab still teaches mathematics in all our schools; the Chaldean still teaches astronomy; the Hebrew has given us our rule of moral life and our conception of God; the Greek has taught us the meaning of those great words personality, genius, beauty, freedom; Rome bequeathed to us civil organization and order; the German, the Italian, the French, the Spanish and the English have always been, at some point, our teachers, because they have lived before us, and have acted, suffered, experienced and achieved. Plato, the author of the book of Job, Isaiah, Homer, Dante, Shakspere, Tennyson, Browning, are all foreigners, and yet none of them is foreign to us; for we are blood of their blood, and bone of their bone. They were all of the past, but of the past which endures, not that which vanishes.

The moment a man begins to study and think, he breaks away from all that is provincial and isolating and joins himself to the race; and no man can act wisely—certainly no man has a right to assume leadership in society—who has not sat at the feet of the race for instruction. No man can understand his own time in this country who does not know what is meant in the largest sense by the words Jamestown, Plymouth, and Quebec. One of the dangers which this country has to face is that historic isolation which takes a man out of the consciousness of the race-work, and persuades him that he has a free hand and can make or unmake institutions as he chooses. There will long be in this country men who drink the strong wine of Democracy, and are not steadied by a wide corrective knowledge of the past; who are ready to act as if the race had never lived, and willing to destroy without asking how they are to rebuild. To set the new world in antagonism to the old world is not cutting away from conditions which have been outgrown. It is severing the connection with the deep, rich life of the race.

This unbroken drama of history reveals something more than man's nature and the nature of his work. It is also

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the revelation of the nature of the Infinite. History is a foot-note to revelation. The past is living because God was in it, and that which God touches is immortal. The Infinite Will reveals itself through every phase of character and fortune. It is equally disclosed by him who obeys, and by him who disobeys it. The most impressive characteristic of the Old Testament is the clearness with which it shows us God behind man, the Infinite Will constantly revealing itself in what appear to be the isolated events and happenings in the history of a race. Truth is revealed in this world largely through life. We know more about faith through the story of Abraham, more about integrity through the story of Joseph, more about greatness of purpose through the story of Elijah, than we could possibly have learned from abstract teaching. Truth lives in men and walks the earth with them, and when the hour came for its fullest disclosure it was not revealed in a series of abstract propositions; it was incarnated in a person. Looking back through history at the lives of the great and the good, the truth seems to be shining through a long series of painted windows, on which are blazoned figures of prophets, martyrs, saints, heroes, singers, and teachers in whom men see all the finest possibilities of living. With the unbroken company of the race we stand in indissoluble fellowship. We continue their work, and they reveal to us not only what they were in themselves, but in their destinies and fates the infinite purpose is also disclosed.

It was the custom among some of the ancients to place lighted lamps in the tombs to guide the feet of those just entering the dim countries beyond. In beautiful unconsciousness they also lighted lamps which should guide the feet of their successors—lamps of knowledge, of experience, of service, fed by their toils, sacrifices, and sufferings, by the very substance of their lives. Those lamps still faintly burn in the farthest east! They shine at Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, Florence, Leyden, Paris, London. They glow along the shores of the Hudson and in faint lines across the continent; lamps that have been passed down by vanished hands and fed by forgotten lives; lamps that shine upon

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our own restless time and are a light to our feet. Two hundred years ago such a lamp was lighted in the Old Church, and it has never gone out, nor burned more brightly than to-night; a light which has never been held aloft by a firmer hand of faith, interpreted with more persuasive beauty of wisdom, or found its reflection against a whiter background of stainless character than in this pulpit during the last quarter of a century.

BICENTENNIAL ODE

By Edgar Mayhew Bacon.

We hail the time of harvest; linger near
This ancient milestone, lichen-clad and gray.
From rifled fields and meadows shorn we hear
The drone of mingling voices far away —
Song of the wheat-in-sheaf, of golden stack:
The heavy wagons, that at early morn
Went empty forth, with freight of yellow corn
Creep slowly back.
The weary reapers pass, whose chorused song
Dies in the cadence of an old refrain.
This wise they sing: "Lo, we have labored long
In heat and cold, through dreary drought and rain,
Till all our work beneath the coursing sun,
In meadow or on mountain side, is done."
They heed us not, bent toilers, trooping by
With faces set towards the evening sky,
Quaint, unfamiliar phantoms, homeward led,
Vague shadows of the long forgotten dead,
Imponderable as the dust they tread.

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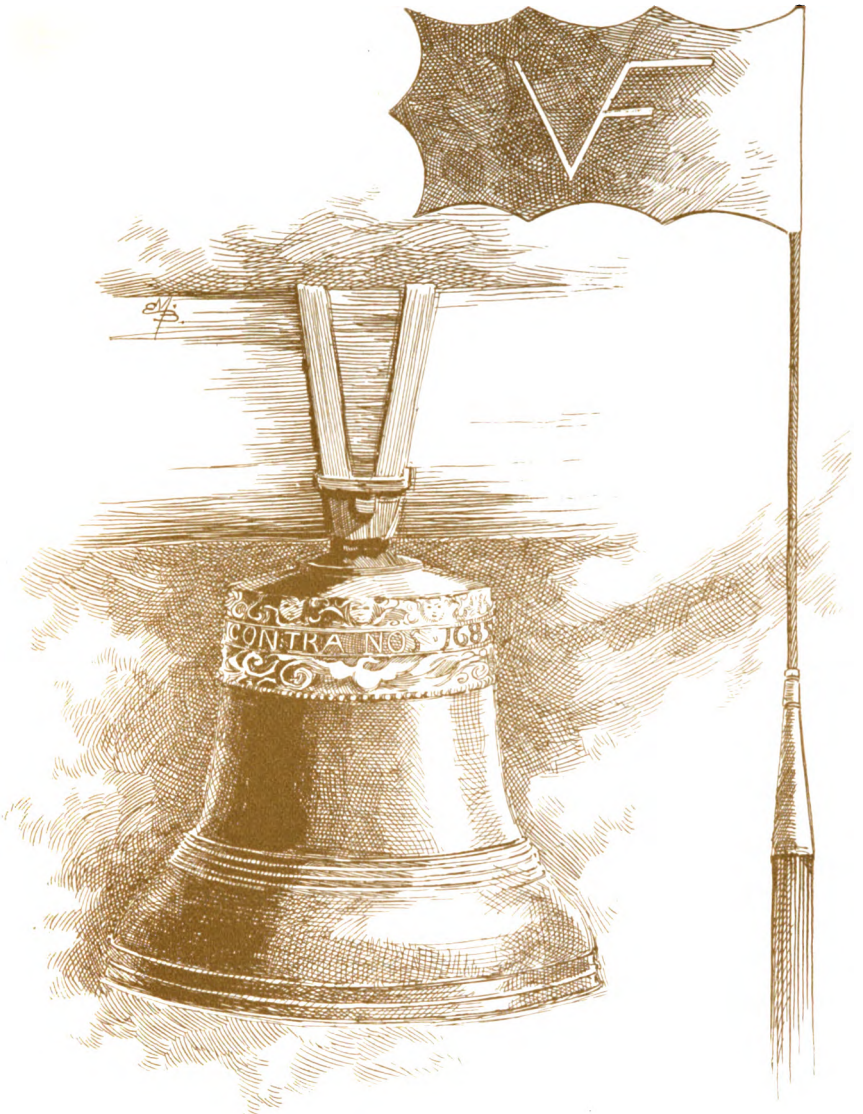

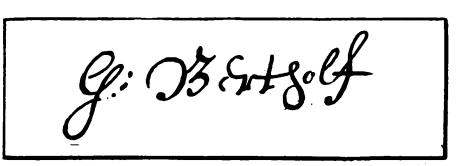

1 Old Church vane, with monogram of builder, Vredryk Flypse.
2 Bell cast in Holland in 1685.
3 Signature of first minister, Guiliam Bertholf.

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Impelled to wander by a world's unrest,
From dike-walled meadows to the unknown west
Through strange meridians; from marts of trade
To silent solitudes of endless shade,
The pilgrim Hollanders attained at last
Their Ararat beyond the waters vast.
So, hewing homes in heart of paynim land,
Whereto went faith and oak and faith again,
And dropping prayers afield among the wheat,
They build a common altar to withstand
The ravages of time, the assaults of men;
Where, in their day of stress,
Deep in the wilderness,
They might for aye approach the Paraclete.
When wreathèd smoke from hearth-fires kindled new
Amid the pine tops rose, and tasseled corn
From green to gold along the river grew,
Within the forest shadow babes were born
Whose cradle song with croonings strange and deep
Of woodland voices mingled; strove they here
With heat and cold and hunger and the fear
Of savage foes, through many a famished year.
So were they born, so passed they, as a dream
Of tattered fragments from the tents of sleep.
Their names, unread, in crumbling rolls we keep,
Or in the churchyard trace. Beside the stream
Where lie their buried hosts
Still stands their house of worship, still we hear
Their bell's muezzin summons sounding clear,
And listen at their portal, half in fear
Of poor, forgotten ghosts.

As some great tree, that in the forest mold
Sends deep its roots, and rears a column high,
The bravery of its tented green to hold
Against the curtain of the changing sky,
So grew the Church of Philipsburgh, so spread
Its grappling roots, so brooded overhead
Benignant boughs, beneath whose constant shade
The generations of your fathers prayed.
O little gospel, parable in gray
By clustering vine-leaves hidden half away,
No vaulted temple, nor cathedral dim,
In all the wise old world was half so fair;
No choir e'er sang so sweet as when the hymn
Sought, from thy close, the unpolluted air;

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The measure of thine arching span outgrew
To match the arc of heaven's unmeasured blue;
Beneath thy belfry's banderole appears
A talisman that mocks the changing years.[1]
The ringer falters; in the churchyard hill
He and his fellows lie; but sounding still—
"If God be for us"—rings the ancient bell;
If God be for us—let the anthem swell;
If God be for us—neither earth nor hell
Can e'er prevail against us. All is well.
The Indian Manitou, in distant glade,
Through pillared forest arches old and dim,
The joyous music heard of Christian hymn,
And trembled, sore afraid.
Pan and his creatures fled, with hearts a-quiver:
It was their passing bell
That clanged its vibrant knell,
Throbbed through the valley of the rushing river,
Challenged the rocky hills with strenuous tone,
And dominated—Great is God alone!

'T is long since first the woodlands heard that sound:
Across these century-beleaguered walls
The moving shadow of the locust falls,
And on the hallowed ground
The circling maples cast their coronals;
As flocks at twilight, mutely patient, wait
In huddled groups around the home-lot gate,
So crowd the scriptured stones about thy portal
Deep runed with briefs of covenant immortal.
Fleet as a cloud, that on the edge of night
Courses, a Bedouin in burnous white,
Unstaying as the wind, are life and power.
How vagrant seem our passions and our pride,
Our braggart fashions, thy calm walls beside!
Rebuke us in this hour!
For we are prone to vaunt us of our skill;
The world 's our ball, to toss it where we will;
The lightning is our plaything, and the sea
Champs at our curb—O, most exalted we!
With broader knowledge cometh clearer sight,
Our lamp of life, replenished, burneth bright;
New energy infuses ancient forms
With fuller meaning. Ever breasting storms

[1] *Si Deus pro nobis quis contra nos?*—"If God be for us, who can be against us?" is the motto cast in the metal of the bell, with the date 1685.

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On stronger wings, our souls attain, through strife,
To wider liberty of thought and life.
Yet win we further in our wiser age
Than they who slowly spelled their primer page
With quaint misreadings? Can we, boasting, say,
"Behold! we have achieved a better way"?
Here claim we kinship with the simpler past;
We strive as strove the fathers, at the last
To rest, as they, when toil and pain are past,
In sanctuary of our faith at last.

A loftier fane, with mystic symbols spread,
Exalts its star-gemmed distance overhead.
Up through the dusky aisles of autumn nights,
Invisible, the stately acolytes
Their golden censers swing.
Soft rolls the stream as in a dream,
And with it slip the sombre years away.
Once more forgotten voices seem to pray,
And in the hush long-silent choirs sing.
Now hark — and heed! for lo, in that far time
Still they go back, back to another clime.
Back to another, dateless, deathless age;
And hymn, with voices blending,— child and sage,—
"Our fathers' God." We hear that echoed strain,
The accents tremulous with joy and pain,
And know that we and they and all men stand,
A mighty brotherhood; and hand to hand
Keep touch from borderland to borderland.

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SPEECH OF

[Monday evening Oct. 11, 1897]

The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt.

Fellow Dutchmen and Dutchwomen:

I HAVE grown to regard it as a possibly doubtful compliment when an audience is told they are well acquainted with me. I should be sorry to have you recognize me by some of the pictures appearing in the daily newspapers. Fortunately mixed with the Dutch in my blood is a strain of Irish, and by reason of the combination, I am able to support attacks with tolerable equanimity.

I have been obliged to refuse almost every request that has been extended to me to speak during the last few months for I am one of the laboring classes among whom no eight-hour law exists. But I felt I had to take the time and come up here and speak at this two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Old Dutch Reformed Church. For I have a certain ancestral connection with that church, to which for eight generations my people in this country have belonged, and a certain right to speak here in this State where I am the eighth of my name to have been born. We speak of ourselves as a young country, and so we are, if measured by the standard of age in the Old World; and

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yet, in two centuries — for the whole country nearly three centuries — much can be done, and much has been done in molding the national character and in shaping the national life; and I want to speak to you to-night particularly of what the Dutch did toward shaping that composite national life which we now know by the name of American, and especially of what lessons can be learned by all Americans both from what they did, and from what they failed to do. I do not intend to speak merely in praise of them, or merely in praise of us, their heirs. Every one of us is prone to demand a good deal of sugar and honey in the addresses made to us as to what we have done, and can do, and I think it would be well for us at times, without being unduly humble or unduly cast down, to remember a little the points in which we have come short. We have a right to be genuinely proud of all that has been done in this country; but we should err if we felt thoroughly satisfied that we had done all we might do. Even in civic government there is something done. As I rode up this afternoon there was one of your streets I noticed which reminded me very much of some of our New York streets.

I think it is no abatement of our patriotism, that it shows no lack of love of our people, of pride in the things our forefathers did, and in the mighty heritage we have received from their hands, if we sometimes seriously face those features of our present life which are not what they should be. So, I do not intend to speak to-night merely as a eulogist of either the past or the present, but I do intend to point out to you a few of those features of our past life in which we can take legitimate pride, and those traits of a sturdy people, from whose loins our forefathers came, which we would like to see reproduced in Americans of to-day. The little church here in that part of the Valley of the Hudson to which has been given forever, by the magic pen of Washington Irving, the charm that is associated with the historic rivers of the Old World; that part of this valley which has its own legends, like the legends of the valleys of the Rhone and the Rhine,—the historic rivers of Europe,— that little church was founded

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by a people few in numbers, occupying a limited as well as inhospitable territory, who nevertheless by their indomitable qualities raised themselves to the first rank among the nations of the world, in the century which saw the founding of this State of New York — of what was then known as New Amsterdam.

I shall not try to repeat, even in brief, the history of Holland, the history of that valiant burgher folk, who wrung their independence from the cruel strength of Spain, who kept it against the banded might of France and England. But I shall point out to you that they rose through years of peace and warfare; that they rose by qualities great in peace, no less than great in war, and because they showed the same qualities we must now show, we of this nation, if we intend to hold place among the nations of the earth. Men who by ceaseless toil in the years of peace won their land from the sea, who founded the great commercial centers of Europe in that land below the level of the German ocean; whose traders went to the northern and southern hemispheres, the eastern and western continents; who sent great admirals to fight in the Mediterranean, the Baltic, the Indian Ocean, the North Sea, and particularly in the Atlantic and in the Straits of Dover; that nation, which alone, of all others, produced admirals whose guns were once heard in London itself; the nation which alone of all the nations of Europe, through a thousand years, was able to put forth fleets with which to fight on equal terms with the mighty sea power of England — that nation did not win greatness through having citizens who were content to sit at home in slothful ease. Its citizens knew how to work in time of peace and knew how to die in time of war. There were other nations that could do one or the other; but not both. The Spaniard fought as bravely as the Dutchman, but the Spaniard scorned toil; the Spaniard looked down upon the merchant, the laborer, and the handicraftsman. The Spaniard hoped to avoid the effect of the primal curse, that we should eat our bread in the sweat of our brows, and the Spaniard failed; and the Dutchman who worked, who toiled, who did continually the little

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things,—not merely the big things,—rose. But he did not rise merely through the virtues called upon to be exercised in times of peace. If Holland had been only a nation of brokers, bankers, manufacturers, and traders, it would have fallen as the Southern Netherlands fell before Alva and Parma. It was because every Holland merchant was prepared in time of need to stand with sword girded on thigh, it was because every uncouth sailorman in the land was prompt to fight when the country needed that he should fight, that Holland became great. She could not have risen by the arts of peace alone; she could not have risen by the arts of war alone; she strove mightily in peace and she strove mightily in war. She had those ordinary, commonplace virtues, for the lack of which nothing in a nation will atone, and she had also the heroic virtues, virtues, the lack of which will always prevent any race from rising to the first place. We of the younger generation have a right to say that Americans have likewise shown this virtue. I see in the audience not a few men who wear badges of the Loyal Legion and the Grand Army of the Republic, and these men carry therefore the only badges of nobility which we recognize in this Republic. The men who in time of the nation's need left the business house, the factory, the farm, and the workshop to serve, hour in and out, in summer and winter, in the armies that freed the Mississippi, and the armies before which at last Richmond fell; the men who saw the fighting throughout the dark days of the early part of the war, who saw the high tide at Gettysburg, who fought until at last the country was once more made a union indeed, until once more the flag was left without a seam—these men have lived in the heroic days of our Republic; these men have left to us, their children, a memory of great deeds, which are fairly to be compared with any deeds of ancient or modern times. We have a right to remember that and to be proud of it, and we owe it as a duty to ourselves to feel ashamed if we permit, in any way, the heritage which they with blood and sweat kept for us to be diminished in our hands—if we fail to show in time of peace the virtues which will prove us to

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be the inheritors of the men whose metal rang true in the times that tried men's souls.

Now, one word about the Hollander as an immigrant. The Hollander was the raw material out of which we were afterward to make American citizens. He may serve as an object lesson to some other immigrants whom we receive at the present time. If to-night I had to address this audience exclusively in Dutch, and if you could not understand English, I would speak to but a limited field, and your weight in the community would very deservedly be almost nil. The reason why the Hollander proved such good stock out of which to make American citizens was because he became an American citizen like other Americans, because he grew to be one in speech, in aspiration, in the spirit of broad religious tolerance, with the rest of his fellow Americans. The Dutch stock in New York contributed a major-general to the Revolutionary army, and a president to the White House at Washington. If Schuyler and Van Buren had remained Dutchmen instead of Americans, if they had kept to the old-world habits and speech, the old-world ideas and ways of thought, the one would have remained a country squire and the other a country tavern keeper to the end of their days. They became Americans, becoming one in speech and thought, hope and aspirations, with the rest of their country, and so they rose to positions of the highest honor in the gift of the people.

We are a nation coming from many different race strains, a new nation growing up in this new continent; closer akin to some of the nations of the Old World than others, but somewhat different from each and all. The worst deed that any man can do here, so far as the national life is concerned, is to try to keep himself apart from his fellow Americans, and to perpetuate Old World differences, whether of race, of speech, of religion, or of religious hatred, or on the other hand to try to discriminate against his fellow Americans because they may come of a different race stock from his. We have advanced in some ways beyond what would have been possible two hundred years ago. I owe it partly to the fact that I was anxious to come to speak to

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you to-night, that I shall be unable this week to be present at a farewell dinner to Archbishop Keane, formerly President of the Catholic University at Washington; it shows that we have gone forward and not backward, and that we are coming more and more to realize the American ideal of broad, religious toleration and religious liberty, that I, whose blood comes from the four Calvinistic strains which went to make up what was once called "the fighting wing of Protestantism"—that I, in whose veins runs the blood of the Hollander, the Huguenot, the Scotchman and the Irish Presbyterian, should be asked to deliver a farewell address, and be glad of the chance to deliver it, in honor of a man of a different creed from mine, but a man with whom I could strike hands, because he is a highminded, patriotic citizen, an honest and loyal American, an honor to our common country. One of the great lessons which should be taught all of us by what the Hollanders did, and by what befell them in this country, is that of broad religious toleration, and the insistence upon every man who comes here becoming honestly and unequivocally American, coupled with the readiness to hold out to him the right hand of fellowship, after he so becomes an American. We have not got room for hyphenated Americans; German-Americans; Irish-Americans; we want Americans pure and simple. To-night we are speaking of Holland, and in commemoration of the Dutch, but I notice that my predecessors on this platform have those fine Dutch names of Allen, Bacon, Hall. I regret greatly I could not have been here to hear Dr. Demarest—he is of French descent. There are in this audience men and women of many different race strains, and men and women of many different creeds. But you come here to hear me simply as one American talking to other Americans, and while I am proud of the Dutch, and proud of what they did, and feel that they contributed what was of value and worth to the country, still the thing for which I am proudest of them is that they ceased being Dutchmen and became Americans, and they would not have been worth their salt to themselves or anyone else if they had not done so.

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Now there is another thing which I think we can learn with advantage. The Dutch did great things in art, less in literature, and something in the sciences; they showed intellect in many ways. But it is not for that that we especially revere them. Intellect is a great thing. A sound mind is a great thing, just as a sound body is a great thing. But more than body and more than mind is what we call character. That is what counts ultimately with the individual and with the nation. I am sure all of us here have known a great many men of large intellect, of whom we distinctly preferred to see as little as possible. Some of the men who have left the most unenviable reputations in our history were men of marked intellect; because, of course, a man who possesses intellect greatly developed without having his moral sense equally developed is a more dangerous wild beast. Sound morality and good principles count for more than intellect. One thing with which I have little sympathy is the deification of mere smartness. When men say of an unmitigated scoundrel that he is "smart," I always feel like saying: "The fact that a burglar is particularly skilful in the use of the jimmy does not make me like him any better." You see now and then I relapse into professional reminiscences. They are very much more dangerous citizens than any burglar — these individuals who are allowed to pass as respectable people, because of the fact that we tend to worship mere success. I should be glad to see a hardening of the moral fiber among us, which will make us frown upon the scoundrel who succeeds even more than the scoundrel who fails.

Another thing. When I spoke of the all importance of character, when I spoke of the need of morality, of the need of having good men, I did not mean inefficient men. There are classes much worse, but not much more contemptible, than the class of the timid. There are very nice refined people who wish well, but who wish feebly, who possess that kind of morality which seems to accompany poverty of blood, who do not do anything that is bad because they don't do anything at all. I came of a church

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believing all the Old Testament virtues, and believing in the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. It would not have done for Gideon to have sat and said that the Lord ought to send a sword to fight for him. He had to do his own fighting. As I said before, I have a hearty abhorrence of a vicious man. I have not one particle of admiration for him because he is smart; I detest him the more. Yet these people are hardly more dangerous to society than our well-meaning brother who won't fight. As yet we must win by striving; we can only go upward by toil, by doing, by enduring, and by daring. If we stand apart from the work of the world, if we do not go down into the dust and heat of the arena, we shall keep our clothing unsoiled, but we shall not do anything. As yet, we are a good many ages away from the millennium. If the decent people fail to struggle, if they fail to prove their truth by their endeavor, if they do not ceaselessly and at the cost of personal inconvenience, of personal loss, do their full duty, they will go down in the contest.

We are not in an age where very much can be done by mere cloistered virtue. The virtue that cannot go out into the rough world and hold its own cannot do much by merely negatively good qualities. We must have something more. We must have positive, aggressive, good qualities. Those sturdy Hollanders of two or three centuries back, who left such a great name, were able to display the refinement of life, but its strength also. They produced great painters, they produced great merchants, but they also produced great warriors and statesmen. They produced men who were willing to fight and willing to die, and therefore their names shall be glorious forever. So with us here in America. We have won great material success. In spite of the men who preach calamity and disorder to us we are prosperous; we are on the whole an orderly people. We have built up a marvelous material prosperity. Woe to us if we build nothing else. Woe to us if we are content only with the pride of riches. Woe to us if we do not feel within us a lift to what is higher and nobler. On the program to-night there is a

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quotation — one of the mottoes of Holland: "Union makes strength." We have proved in this country that we are bound to have union of the sections, that we shall have no disunion among the States. Neither must there be disunion among the classes. We must make our people feel that from the highest to the lowest, each American worthy of the name feels for all Americans, and wishes to make them rise if he rises. Exactly as from Maine to Texas and Oregon we are all one people, so that no disaster can befall one part of the community without befalling the others, so also we must feel that from the top to the bottom of the social strata our welfare is bound up with that of the others. We must strive faithfully and honestly to do our duty by ourselves and neighbors. We must not be content to try to become a nation merely of sharp, prosperous business men who prey on their fellows. We must try, without losing one particle of the business capacity absolutely necessary to carry on this country, to cultivate a broader charity, a broader fellow-feeling, broader kindness, and a sterner sense of duty. Above all we must cultivate the rugged, forceful virtues, the virtues that tell in combat; for no nation can rise save through strife or readiness for strife.

As yet we are far from the time when we can afford not to fight valiantly for what we deem right. As yet we are far from the time when we can sit at home and trust that our ends will be shaped well for us without our individual endeavor to rough-hew them ourselves. No refinement, no business capacity, no mercantile success will atone for the lack of the virile virtues.

We here, in whose veins runs the blood of the Dutch, in whose veins runs the blood of so many other race strains, should each and all of us make up our minds that we will strive for the right as it is given to us to see the right; that we shall act as Americans and nothing else; and that we shall realize that in addition to the virtues needed in time of peace, we must be ever ready to display those virtues upon which call must always be made should the time of peril again come to our common country.

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REV. JOANNES RITZEMA.

Supply of Old Church from 1744 to 1775.

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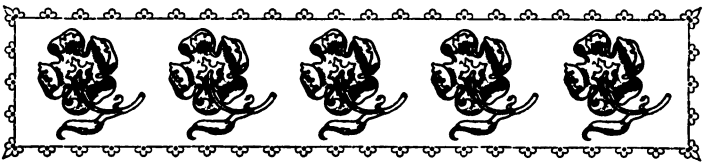

HISTORICAL ADDRESS BY

The Rev. David Cole, D. D.

Gentlemen of the Consistory of the
First Reformed Church of Tarrytown:

I HAVE deeply felt what it means, both as to honor and responsibility, to be your historian of to-day. The gospel ministry has been my supreme life work. But from the often severe tension of a fixed calling, it is well to have always at hand a congenial side pursuit, to which one may at any time quickly turn as a saving unbend. I have found for myself a wonderful relief from overstrain in a side study, for which I had a great liking from early life — that of family lines and local histories, chiefly through the preserved papers of our old Reformed churches. And my fondness for this has brought me, without any seeking of my own, into prominent connection with several noted local commemorations. To-day I am to give, for the fourth time, the historical address of a bicentennial occasion. To the bicentennials of Yonkers, Tappan, and Fordham, yours of Tarrytown will, in a few short hours, have been added as an event of fixed history. My call to this service has placed the imprimatur of public approval upon what, with its passing, must of necessity become with me a finished life work

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along these lines. You will not mistake my motive if, at the opening of this address, I publicly emphasize my sense of the honor that has been mine, in each of these four bicentennials, as the historian of the commemorating day.[1]

No limited locality within our State of New York has been more fully written up than Westchester County and its towns. We cannot forget on an occasion like this what we owe to the capable and painstaking Bolton, our county's pioneer historian, who brought its history down to 1848. He was revising his work in 1877 when, to our sorrow and loss, he was called away by death, and left his latest life aim but partially fulfilled.[2] Next to him in work of importance to us now came Dr. Stewart, one of your former pastors, whose historical sermon of May, 1866, brought out the leading features of your church's history to the date of its delivery. Next in time order were published two addresses of my own, one in 1868 and the other in 1882, the former called out by the twenty-fifth anniversary of my own Yonkers church, but containing what I had then gathered in regard to the Philipses and Philipsburg, and the latter, a work of wholly independent research, prepared for and delivered at the bicentennial of the founding of the Yonkers Manor (now City) Hall. Four years later still were published the massive volumes known as Scharf's "History of Westchester County." In these volumes will be found, prepared with the greatest care, and complete to 1886, three town histories most closely related, and of the greatest interest and importance to most of us who are here assembled. The first, written by myself, is of the town of Yonkers, and the others, from the pen of your eminent townsman, Rev. Dr. Todd, are of the towns of Greenburgh and Mount Pleasant, to both of which your village of Tarrytown contributes such enchantment through its scenic beauty and its thrilling story. To all these earlier workers have been added in later years your present honored pastor, Rev. Dr.

[1] Call having been made for the republication of this address in a permanent form, it has been carefully revised throughout, and some footnotes have been added which will increase its value as a historical paper.

[2] The revision in the unfinished state in which he left it was published in 1881.

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Allen, whose address upon "The Old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow" was published in 1891; your indefatigable village editor, Mr. M. D. Raymond, whose weekly issues, notably those of very recent date, have done so much in the interest of your local annals;[1] Colonel John C. L. Hamilton of Elmsford, and many others connected with the historical societies of the county and of your towns. These diligent workers have brought out and spread before the English-speaking world every character and incident and date of your past two hundred years. And over the gathered traditions of your noted spot the genius of Washington Irving has thrown, never to be dimmed, the glamour of its own fanciful creations, so long familiar to us all. As your historian of to-day I cannot possibly get away from a path that has been much beaten. But I shall not use old things further than is necessary, and I have much matter, certainly not familiar to the masses of our people, with which I hope to interest you and hold your attention to the end. My address will divide your history into, and deal with it in, three periods:

1. The period from its beginning down to 1724.
2. The period from 1724 to 1785.
3. The period from 1785 to the present time.

I shall give much more time and space to the first of these periods than to either of the others, because it has been considered more obscure.

Whatever uncertainty may overhang the dates of the starting, the building, and the completing of this now venerated house of worship, one *year* date must be accepted as absolutely settled. It is that of the church's organization. By this term in our usage is meant the definite act of first

[1] The Tarrytown "Argus," for many weeks in advance of the bicentennial, devoted itself to the gathering and publishing of material of the greatest interest in regard to the Philipses, the Old Church, its pastors, etc. The numbers of September and October especially are monuments of painstaking work, and ought to be carefully preserved among the treasures of the church, and of the Historical Society of the town.

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enrolling of members, and constituting them into a church with the equipment of a consistory. This church was organized in the *year* 1697. The *month* and *day* cannot now be known.

Not a written line of your history, committed to paper before 1715, has come down to us. We are positively informed, in the church's oldest record book, that no minutes of church proceedings had been kept before that year. I think, however, there must have been some registering of statistics, but how defective even this had been I will show further on. It is said that in 1715 the Colonial Governor, Robert Hunter, took steps to compel churches to keep minutes and records. However this may have been, the consistory of this church, waking in that year to a sense of the church's past neglect, determined to do their utmost to recover what had been overlooked and so nearly lost. We have their action preserved in the following words: "Since the Honorable Servants of the Church find that until this time (being the third day of November, A. D. 1715) no Minutes have been kept of any Ecclesiastical doings, it was deemed necessary by us to record what has been done, as far as we can discover really and truly, and continue to note down in a book kept for that purpose by some one of our members, a servant of Jesus Christ, whom we may deem competent and of sufficient knowledge to note down continually and truly whatever may come to our notice as matter worthy of record according to truth." Under the sense of necessity thus quaintly expressed, they must have appointed at once the clerk, whoever he was, who collected and has handed down to us in writing the first preserved memoranda of your history. Dr. Stewart says: "They chose for this important undertaking, Abraham de Reviere." This statement is now challenged.[1] It is claimed that the man

[1] It rests upon the following words from the beginning of a single paragraph in the record: "Finding out from the memorandum of Mr. Abraham de Reviere that the learned, pious Rev. Guiliam Bertholf has consented . . . to come here to preach, &c." It is claimed that the Abraham de Reviere here meant, understood to have been the church elder chosen at the church's organization, could not have been living in 1715, and that the information about Mr. Bertholf had been obtained by Dirck Storm from a private minute he had made

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chosen was Dirck Storm. The all-sufficient fact, however, is that they found a man well informed and competent, and committed their trust to him. His collected matter has come down to us in a parchment bound volume, now sadly decayed. Most of its leaves have broken entirely from their stitchings. Their edges, with the letters and words they bore, are largely worn away, and much of the writing that remains has so far faded out as to be illegible. Even of the best preserved portion of the book, a considerable part is of such microscopic fineness as to try the eye almost beyond endurance. Providentially, however, the book was translated a few years ago by Mr. Jacob Brinkerhoff of Brooklyn. He completed his work in 1876.[1] I have had free access to both the original and the translation in preparing my address. The contents of the old volume consist mostly of registers of members, consistorymen, baptisms, and marriages. Its distinctly reading matter is very brief and unsatisfactory. But what there is includes cer-

in 1607. I cannot settle this point, but will give a little statement about each of the two men named.

(1) As to Abraham de Reviere. There were two men of this name, a father and a son. The father was chosen elder in 1697. The son was chosen deacon in 1700, and again in 1704. In 1708 Abraham de Reviere was chosen elder, but we cannot decide whether this was the father or the son. It may be true that the father had died before 1715, but the clerk chosen in this year may have been the son.

(2) As to Dirck Storm. Of this name also there were a father and a son. The father united with the church early, the son not till 1731. The father only can be considered in connection with the clerical appointment of 1715. He was a Tarrytown man, but had served the Tappan church as its first Voorleser from 1694. He disappears, however, very early from the records of that church, which gives ground for the thought that he may have become the Voorleser of the Tarrytown church in 1697. He was witness at several Tarrytown baptisms, but was never in the consistory. He was a leading and highly competent man, and may have been the clerk chosen in 1715. The strong impression of some that he was so seems to rest very much upon the handwriting of the record. Personally I feel, however, that very little dependence can be placed upon this.

[1] Dr. Stewart, in his sermon of 1866, says: "I am able to-day to present you with an exact translation of these records, by one of our theological students, Mr. Louis H. Bahler, &c." I regret to say that I have not been able to find the translation to which he alludes.

Distrust of Mr. Brinkerhoff's translation has been expressed. I need only say here that my address has drawn from the old records very little debatable matter any way, and that, in revising it, I have welcomed every suggestion that has come to me, have examined the original book upon every point involved, and have frankly stated in these footnotes whatever I have found.

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tain statements interesting to us here. Condensed into my own language, they are these:

1. That license was given by the King of England in 1680 to Frederick Philipse to go forward, buying up in parcels the lands fronting on the Hudson, and stretching from Spuyten Duyvil to the Croton River. These of course were the lands which, with others previously purchased, were finally confirmed to him in 1693 as the Manor of Philipsburgh.

2. That Frederick Philipse, while purchasing under this license, gave to any and all who were willing to use it the privilege of taking up his land free for a stipulated term of years, that the land might by degrees be brought under cultivation and settled.

3. That the settlers who availed themselves of this offer and took up the land were true Christians, and lived as such among the Indians by whom they were surrounded, and that they had been in the habit for years of meeting at a fixed spot every Lord's day for divine worship.

4. That Mr. Philipse and his first wife, in the book called "Lady Margaretta," had cherished the best interests of the incomers and settlers under this and later developing arrangements, the meaning of this statement being, in the connection in which it is made, that they entered into and heartily promoted the pious feeling of the people, and the public religious services started and maintained.

5. That in due time these Christian people determined to seek a Reformed Church minister to come to them three or four times a year to preach and administer the sacraments.

6. That in 1697 they found the minister sought in the person of the Rev. Guiliam Bertholf. Tradition says, and it is probably right, that he served them till 1724. The book, however, gives no intimation of any service by him later than April 19, 1716.

7. That in 1715 the Philipsburgh congregation entered into an agreement with the people of the Manor of Cortlandt, bordering them on the north, by which, from that time onward, the two communities shared the services of

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the minister, the former paying three fourths and the latter one fourth of the cost incurred.

This is absolutely all the information of value contained in the *reading matter* of the old book. To it I will add a few words in regard to its *statistical tables* and *financial accounts*.

The lists of "Elders and Deacons" are almost perfect from 1697 down to 1775, the year with which the book practically ends.[1] Both elections and retirements are always given, and always with precise dates. And the register of *marriages* for the same long period is equally full, being accompanied with dates from beginning to end. This fullness of these two registries is so marked that I think they must have been kept regularly from the organization. The records of *members* and *baptisms*, however, are seriously lacking in particulars, especially in the earlier years. First we have seventy-seven members received before 1715. I think they must be those only who were still living at that date,[2] for, though Lady Catharina Philipse, then living, is on it, her husband, who had died in 1702, is not, though he had been a professor of religion since April 1, 1666.[3] There is not a date of reception with any one of these names except that of Lady Catharina, who heads the list, and is assigned to 1697 without month or day. From 1716 onward to 1775, with which the book's member record ends, the plan of the record is to enter each year as it comes along, and under each year, each communion date and its member receptions as they occur. This makes the later part of the member roll quite clear. But the register of baptisms is the great trial of the student of lineages. With its first eleven hun-

[1] There are some scattering entries at the end of the book, but nothing regular after 1775.

[2] Bolton says (2d ed., vol. i, p. 274) that Jan Dobbs and his wife of Greenburgh were members of this church in 1698. But they are not among the seventy-seven.

[3] It may be Lord Philipse never took his church letter from New York to Tarrytown. In his will, dated October 26, 1700, he devises to his grandson a house in the city which he calls the "house I now live in." This suggests that he may never have thought of Tarrytown as a home, and that it may never have occurred to him to remove his membership from the city church.

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dred names, from 1697 to 1742, it has but four dates of births. As for baptisms, the intention throughout seems to have been to record them under the dates of the communions, when, no doubt, they really were administered, no officiant being with the people at any other times. But even the communion dates themselves are often omitted or not made clear, so that the whole record of baptisms is very trying indeed.

As for what remains in the volume, it consists mostly of financial accounts — receipts and expenditures. The payments to the Domines, as the ministers were always called, are found in these accounts. But Domines' personal names, within the book's entire contents, statistical records included, and over its whole period from 1697 to 1775, are given but eleven times. Within the reading matter we have Bertholf four times, Ritzema twice, and Van Voorhis twice. And three times on the marriage register we have given the name of the officiating clergyman as follows: "Rev. Muzelius," July 8, 1770; "Rev. John Ritzema," Sept. 2, 1770; and "Rev. Stephen Van Voorheese" (spelling as in the book), 1785. All these men will be spoken of later on. It is intensely disappointing to find this almost total absence of Domines' names from the book. Had each personal name been connected in the financial accounts with each payment of salary, these accounts alone would have supplied us with a complete list of the men who served the church as pulpit supplies from the organization down to 1776.[1]

[1] In the address as originally delivered, two other Domines' names were mentioned. They were taken from page 362 of Mr. Brinkerhoff's translation, on which he has

(1) A brief paragraph, condensed from details of the old book, to the effect that four payments of money were made to Domine Selyns on the 22d of March, 1710.

(2) This statement in substance — "The chest (he means the church treasury) should also be credited with money (amount named) paid by Joseph Paulding to Domine Luchtelyck."

Mr. Daniel Van Tassel of Tarrytown, who had seen the old book, intimated to me that words in these passages had been misunderstood by the translator. At his suggestion, I carefully examined their originals, and found as follows:

(1) As to Selyns. This name does not occur at all. The four payments are expressed separately, and charged, each by itself, not to "Domine Selyns,"

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Now with the information from the old book, given from what was positively known in 1715, that this church had been formally organized in 1697, and had grown out of previous and long maintained neighborhood meetings, let me connect what we need for our present purposes, of the history of the Philipses, of the civil history of New York, and of the now fully gathered history of Domine Bertholf. This will put us in a position, I feel sure, to form satisfying conclusions as to what had been going on here between 1680 and 1697.

Mr. Philipse came to New Amsterdam in 1647, without fortune, and began his American life as a carpenter. In 1662, already financially comfortable, he married Margaret Hardenbroek, widow of the rich Pieter Rudolphus de Vries, and by so doing, increased not his general influence only, but also his business power, as his wife, though of independent spirit as to the handling of her own fortune, was in thorough sympathy with his commercial ambitions. And so his own personal success went on, and he soon became the wealthiest man in the city. He was remarkable for foresight. When, through Stuyvesant's surrender in 1664, the English came into possession of New Netherland, he was shrewd enough to anticipate the property boom that would be sure to follow in the city, and northward along the Hudson. Adriaen Van der Donck, first owner and Patroon of the Dutch Manor of Colendonck (now Yonkers),

but to "Domines salaris,"—i. e., to "Domine's salary. The writing is tryingly fine, but the word "salaris" comes in four times, and cannot be mistaken by a good eye. Then, too, these payments were made in 1710, while Domine Selyns died in 1701.

(2) As to Luchtelyck. "Domine Luchtelyck" (the latter word beginning with a capital letter) stands out as distinctly upon the original as in the translation. But "luchtelyck," I am satisfied, is the Dutch adverb, properly spelled "luchtiglijk," and meaning "lightly" or "carelessly." With our English habits we should have begun the word with a small letter. But the clerks of our early Dutch records, with few exceptions, spelled as they pleased, and used capitals with utter recklessness. The point of the passage here seems to be that Joseph Paulding had inadvertently ("carelessly") overpaid to a small amount the Domine, whose name, as usual, is not given, and that the excess should be credited to the treasury; in other words, should be made good in settling up his accounts.

These results dispose of both these names, and especially they pass the mythical "Domine Luchtelyck" out of sight beyond recall.

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had died in 1655, and eleven years later, in 1666, two years after the surrender, his widow, then Mrs. Hugh O'Neale, sold the property entire to her brother, Elias Doughty of Long Island, who bought it for speculation. He sold the south end of it in two successive sales, respectively in 1667 and 1668, a small part of the middle portion of it, also in two sales, in 1670, and the northern part of it, known as Upper Yonkers, in 1672. The sales of 1670, two in number, are of intense interest to us now. They were confined to the lands around the mouth of our "Saw Mill" or "Nepperhan" Creek, and included the site of our present Yonkers City Hall and the mill below it. Margaret Philipse was the first purchaser, and Dirck Smith was the second. The former bought for her husband, or at least in his name, the south side of the creek and three hundred acres of land, with all milling rights, for one hundred and fifty pounds,[1] and the latter bought the north side, with the mill privileges appertaining to it. Both these two small purchases came at once thereafter into the hands of Frederick Philipse and Thomas Lewis. The purchasers of Upper Yonkers in 1672 were Frederick Philipse, John Delaval, and Thomas Lewis. Lewis may have sold out to Philipse at once in 1670 his right in the two small purchases of that year. I suspect he did. But Delaval and Lewis did not sell out to him their rights in the greater purchase of 1672 till 1685 and 1686. We need no information, however, from what we know of the man, to satisfy us that Philipse had been the leading party in all the transactions from 1670 onward, and the absolutely controlling spirit in the use and development of the property. His clear eye fell at once upon the commanding knoll of which our Yonkers City Hall has been so long the glory. And Margaret, who had bought the three hundred acres close at hand, had fully entered into his appreciation of it. Neither rested, I am confident, till the whole double purchase of 1670 was safely in his hands. At the foot of the pretty slope stretching southward from the knoll, on the bank of the Nepperhan, stood the old mill built by Van

[1] Scharf's History of Westchester County, vol. i, p. 72.

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der Donck between 1646 and 1655, a mill which has never failed of a successor upon the same spot to this very day. I have long been of opinion from study of existing foundations, that on the high ground north of it, the Dutch Patroon had built a house,— whether for himself or his miller we need not ask,— a house with an uncommonly massive foundation, and with ample provisions for defense against the savages who were always at hand. I believe the foundations of that house are to-day under the south end of our Yonkers City Hall. Mr. Philipse might well take a special fancy for this already somewhat developed property, and I believe he used it as a summer residence for a decade or more from the year of his purchase. In or before 1682, however, perhaps as early as 1679, I believe he had removed the old superstructure, and upon its solid foundation, enlarged and adapted, had built the strong edifice which now constitutes the south end, and about a third part, of the Yonkers City Hall. In the going up of this new house, meant for the Philipse family residence, Margaret took a deep interest. Returning from an ocean trip in a ship of her own, tradition says that she herself brought home the Holland brick and other Holland material seen in this building to-day. The site of course was well adapted to Mr. Philipse's needs on account of its nearness to his city business to which he had to drive down constantly. This was his first summer home outside of the city. I believe he spent his summers in Yonkers for years, probably till 1683. Let it not be forgotten, however, that his Yonkers house was never a Manor House at any time during his own life, and never at all till 1719. Even in that year it became the Manor House of Lower Philipsburgh only, from Dobbs Ferry southward. It never became the Manor House of all Philipsburg till 1749. The explanation of this will come out further on. Mr. Philipse was never a Manorial Lord during his Yonkers life. The great ambition to acquire a Manor and become a lord had probably not fairly come over him till about 1680. He built his Yonkers house in the spirit of a prosperous merchant, with commercial, political, and social relations extensive and very rapidly growing. His chil-

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dren, all young in 1670, were advancing to maturity during the decade that followed. These widening conditions suggested and brought about the building of the new and larger house.[1]

[1] Some valued friends have expressed to me a belief that the first Frederick Philipse never lived in Yonkers, and that the south end of the Yonkers Manor (now City) Hall building was not erected till after 1719, when the second lord came to maturity, and took possession of his Yonkers estate.

This belief seems to rest upon the fact that in his will, dated October 26, 1700, the first lord does not mention any Yonkers house as prominent. But this proves nothing. As I have shown, his Yonkers house was not built for a Manor House, and did not become marked during his own life. In his will he devised to the second Frederick, his grandson, "all those lands and meadows called the Yoncker's Plantation, with all and singular the houses, mills, mill-dams, orchards, gardens, negroes, negro children, cattle, horses, swine, and whatsoever else belongs to me within the Patent, as well what is tenanted as not." He had not used the house himself since 1683, but had been renting it as a tenement for seventeen years. Why should he mention it with distinction in a will meant to cover all his Yonkers property with a single dash of his pen?

When Bolton wrote his History in 1848, no one had doubted that the Yonkers house had been erected and occupied by the first Frederick Philipse. At that time, there were still living in the town several very old people, descendants of the very furthest back tenants of the Philipse property, and also many descendants of the purchasers of plots at the confiscation sale of 1785. One of the former class was Miss Elizabeth ("Aunt Betsey") Valentine, born in 1766, and at that time 82 years of age. She lived on to 1854, and then died at 88. Her grandfather, Benjamin Valentine, came to New York City from Canada in 1680, and her father, Mathias Valentine, became the first settler on Valentine Hill. Aunt Betsey was remarkable for her memory, and for her ability to tell what she had personally seen, and what she had learned from her parents and from the old people of her young days. She had personally known the third lord and lady of the Manor. From her own personal observation came the story often printed, that "it was the pride of the third Mrs. Philipse to appear on the roads of Westchester, skilfully reining four splendid jet black steeds." She had straight from her own family the history of the south end of the Yonkers Manor Hall, and had no doubt of the date and occupancy of it, as Bolton gives them in his History of 1848.

And the same unquestioning belief with regard to the building ruled in Yonkers when I published my own first sketch of the town twenty years later. When I came to the village, December 8, 1865, my church, organized April 23, 1843, was nearing its twenty-fifth anniversary. Desiring to turn the date to profitable account, I began at once to study the ground, and to gather the material for a Historical Address. Every scrap of old record, every gravestone inscription, every aged person with a clear memory, became to me an object of lively interest. I had one special experience of which I will speak here. It is upon foundations such as this footnote reveals that I rest the convictions expressed in my address.

Mrs. Jacob Kauffelt (formerly Miss Elizabeth Nodine) died at her home on the very summit of Nodine Hill, Yonkers, May 14, 1867. She was born in 1770, and had reached the age of ninety-six and a half years. I was her spiritual counselor, officiated at her funeral, and published an account of her in a tract. She was a daughter of Peter Nodine of the New Rochelle Naudin (Huguenot)

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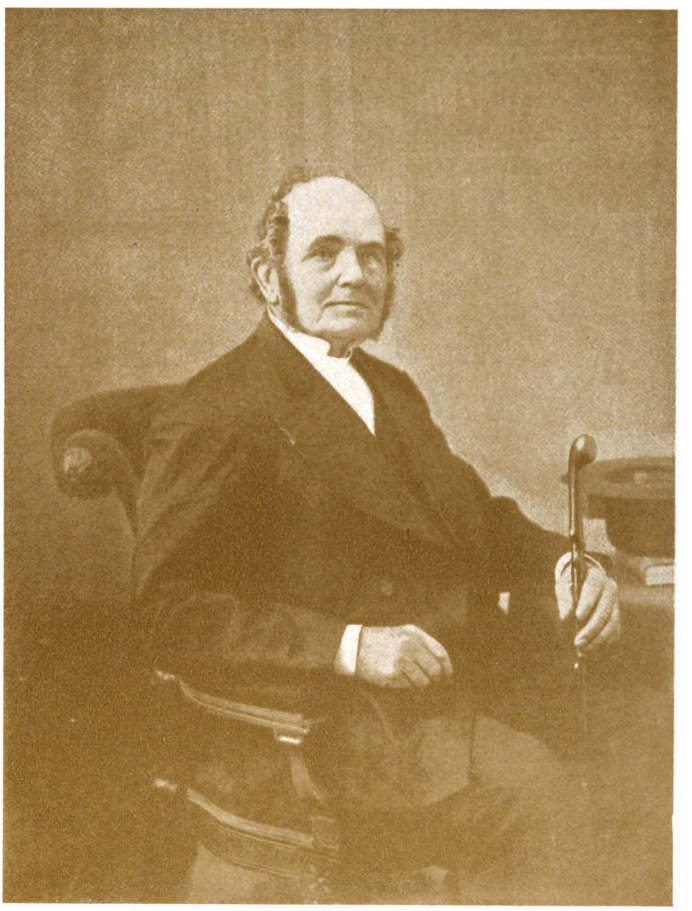

REV. JOSEPH WILSON.

Pastor from 1845 to 1849.

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And now I come to his movements further northward up in this direction. Before 1680, under the flush of his growing successes, the ambition had seized him to acquire a manor and rise to the rank of a lord. John Archer, south of him, had already had confirmed to himself the manor of Fordham in 1671. John Pell, over along the Sound, was moving on to acquire the Manor of Pelham, which was subsequently confirmed to him in 1687.[1] Manors were springing up in every direction. Why not a Manor of Philipsburgh, between the Hudson and the Bronx, stretching from Spuyten Duyvil to the old Kill of Kitchawong, the grandest manor of them all? His application to Charles II. in 1680, for license to extend his land purchases northward, had been granted, and his first step under it was the purchase of this site on the Pocantico, already having upon it, like the one he had bought in Yonkers, a mill and a dwelling, the latter, in this case, certainly for the use of the miller. What afterwards, from 1693, came to be the Manor House here, and from that date to 1702 the Manor House of all Philipsburgh, and from 1702 to 1749 the

stock. Her father died in 1816, and from her we learned that his age at death was almost equal to that at which she was passing away. If he even reached ninety, he must have been born in 1726. He had never lived more than four miles away from Nodine Hill. He bought his hill tract of forty acres from Henry Brown, who had purchased one hundred and thirteen acres at the confiscation sale of 1785. Living on the hill for many years till his death in 1816, as its sole owner and occupant, Mr. Nodine had fixed his name upon it permanently. Mrs. Kauffelt herself had passed her early childhood within the last days of Colonel Philipse, and had also gotten from her father all he knew of the Philipse facts. And from the resources of an iron memory, and with a vivacity I cannot forget, she gave them to me as I have represented them in the address. The traditions of the Nodine family, and of all old settlers around me in my early Yonkers life, were abundant and unvarying, that the south end of the Yonkers Manor Hall was built by, and was the first country home of, the first Frederick Philipse.

[1] There came to be six manors in Westchester County, covering by far the larger part of its territory, those of Fordham, Pelham, Philipsburgh, Cortlandt, Morrisania, and Scarsdale, finally confirmed by royal patents, in the order named, in 1671, 1687, 1693, 1697, 1697, and 1701. The two great manors, as to size of domain, were Philipsburgh and Cortlandt. Philipse was from 1670 gathering his lands before they were confirmed to him in whole as a manor in 1693. Every one of the manors grew out of long previous land gathering. The history of the upgrowth of the Manor of Pelham is in this respect a very interesting subject of study. Part of it had been before confirmed to the earlier owner, Thomas Pell, in 1666 by Richard Nicolls, then Governor of the Province of New York.

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Manor House of Upper Philipsburgh from Dobbs Ferry northward, and since 1749, when it ceased to be a manor house at all, has been known as "The Castle," was built by him in 1682 or 1683 on the foundation of the miller's old dwelling. I think the year was really 1683, during which, on the first of November, the original ten counties of New York, Westchester among them, were erected. To the end of his life he never ceased to be one of the busiest of men. Yet it is not unreasonable to believe that by this time, at fifty-seven years of age, and with the cares of his immense domain growing upon him, his mind was more drawn this way than toward the city, and he was doing less of daily driving to New York than he had done in his Yonkers days. He was now fairly under the spell of his ambition to build up manorial power over the immense tract he had gathered, and of which it was not difficult to see that this would be the practical center. Margaret was still living when he came to Tarrytown. The old book's reference to her makes this certain. It calls her Lady Margaretta.[1] The date of her death is not known. There is strong probability in the tradition that she did not die till 1690 or even 1691. The second marriage of Mr. Philipse did not take place till November 30, 1692. But now to turn back a little. Frederick and Margaretta came up here about 1683. What conditions did they find on their arrival?

They found at their hand a small community of farming people already gathered. The mill site was its center of activity. Around were the farmers who brought to the mill their grain to be ground, and their logs to be sawed. They found the graveyard as old as the settlement, with regard to which I have no difficulty in accepting Mr. Irving's belief that it had been started as early as 1645, and that it had had three graves in it by 1650, and fifty by 1675, and had a hundred and eighty by 1700. They found a strongly pious people, whose religious instincts they themselves as born Hollanders fully shared, and they did

[1] This to her was a mere compliment. She was never lady of a manor, as she died before 1693.

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every thing they could to favor the conditions already existing and looking to the organization of a church at some date not far away. Margaretta, from the day of her settlement in Tarrytown and ascertainment of her surroundings, must have seen the need for a house of worship, and perhaps the idea of building this house started with her. She may have prompted Mr. Philipse to his first thought upon the subject. However this may have been, I have no doubt his purpose was formed, and the building itself was begun at least as early as 1684. While it was advancing to a condition in which, though not yet finished, it could be used for services, it may be that the new Philipse house was freely offered for religious meetings. The fact that the bell was cast to order in 1685 is proof that the church building had been already begun. The bell in that day had to be made abroad, and perhaps Margaretta, in this service, as in one before, had brought it over in one of her own ships, and with it the Holland brick that were used in the construction of the church. The old book, alluding to her a quarter of a century after her death, calls her "Margaretta of blessed memory." The church building may have been born of her thought. She shared in the giving of the bell. But Frederick alone really built the house. This fact is revealed in the will of his second wife, made in 1730, in which, in making a bequest to the congregation, she calls it "the congregation of the Dutch Church, erected at Philipsburgh by my late husband, Frederick Philipse, deceased." Neither wife was a sharer with the husband in the building of the house.

These are the conclusions to which, after careful study of years, I have come in regard to the starting of this building. But now I know, of course, that two questions will be asked. First, if the work was started as early as 1684, what means the statement on the tablet over its door, that the house was built in 1699? And secondly, why, if a devoted religious community had existed here at least two decades, and a building for it had been begun as early as 1684, was no minister procured and no organization obtained before 1697?

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To the first of these questions: *What does* 1699 *upon the tablet mean if the building had been begun at least as early as* 1684?[1] In answering this, I have to say that the door of this church was formerly in its south side. It was changed to its present place in the west end in 1837. Years ago already no one could be found who remembered having seen the tablet over the old door in the south side. It is believed to have been prepared and first put up at the date mentioned when the change was made. And this belief is sustained by the fact that the inscription is in English, while two hundred years ago no English was used in this region. The precise inscription, as now seen, is, "Erected by Frederick Philips and Catharine Van Cortlandt 1699." Such spellings as "Philips" and "Catharine" were not known here when this church was built. Then, too, Catharine (or Catrina) had no part in its erection. The tablet is clearly modern. As to the date upon it, 1699, it may have been the expression of a faulty tradition. I am disposed to accept, however, what I understand has come down to you as hearsay, that the stone-cutter meant to put 1697, and simply blundered in cutting. Yet you have seen that this was not a date of the building, but that of the church organization. It throws no light upon the question when the building, begun not later than 1684, was finished. There are traditions that the work of erection was long in process. This may have been so. The house may have been carried far enough along to be available for worshiping purposes, and then allowed to lie for a long time in a state not really finished. The bell, of course, had been hung as soon as a place could be made for it. It is evident from the strong materials and massive character of the walls and roof, that heart had been in the work and that nothing had been slighted. Yet as the finding of a minister and the organization of the church had been delayed till 1697, the finishing touches may not have been given to the building till the same year. Study of the vast political and commercial

[1] Since the address was delivered, I have received some valuable information from Mr. Van Tassel and others, which has led to the reconstruction of this paragraph and the one which followed it.

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responsibilities of Mr. Philipse, kept up to his latest days, will convince any one that this church, notwithstanding his real interest in it, must have been to him as a mere atom among his cares. Why should an old-fashioned Dutchman be in a hurry about any thing? Bolton has a tradition about him and one of his slaves, to this effect.[1] He had laid the foundation of the church, but had withdrawn his workman from it to repair his dam, which had been injured by a freshet. When the repair had been made a second freshet came and carried it away. The dam was now entirely rebuilt and with great strength. But the freshet again returned and destroyed the work. Frederick was now much distressed. Meanwhile, his slave, Harry, had a dream. The dream was repeated and he felt compelled to tell it. It was that God was displeased with his master for stopping work on the church to repair the dam. He must go on with the church, and then build the dam and it would stand. Frederick heeded and followed the warning and the dam stood. I repeat this already often-repeated story, only for the support it gives to the tradition that a long time passed between the early beginning and the final completing of this interesting little church. After fairly hearing all opinions expressed to me on the difficult subject of its dates, I feel that this holding will be absolutely safe, and that nothing more should now be said, that the building was begun and used at least as early as 1684, and finished not later than 1697.

To the second of these questions: *Why, if a devoted religious community had existed here already for two decades, and a building had been begun in* 1684, *was no minister obtained and no organization secured before* 1697?

The answer to this question will bring up one of the less popularly familiar, yet most interesting, subjects of this address — the subject of the Reformed Church in America. What, during the five years that immediately preceded this organization here, had been transpiring along the lower

[1] History, 2nd ed. vol. i, p. 527.

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Hudson, and what, in 1697, was the condition of the American Reformed Church as to organizations and ministers? There were not, in all Westchester County, at that time, two thousand people,[1] including all the settlers at Fordham, Kingsbridge, Yonkers, Pelham, New Rochelle, and at this center. How many were just here we cannot know, but there could not have been many. All there were, however, were of Holland descent. Since November 30, 1692, another lady had taken the place of "Margaretta of blessed memory" in Frederick's home. And less than two months after her marriage, the long-cherished ambition of Frederick had materialized. He had had confirmed to him the immense Manor of Philipsburgh, and had become Lord Philipse. His dwelling had become a Manor House, and Catharina, daughter of Oloff S. Van Cortlandt, had become the Lady of the Manor. To her brother, Stephanus Van Cortlandt, every way Frederick's peer, five years after her marriage, in 1697, was confirmed the Manor of Cortlandt, bordering the Manor of Philipsburgh on the north. Catharina was twenty-six years the junior of her husband, but was a lady of great moral and religious worth, as well as of great dignity of bearing, and well fitted to sustain her prominent and responsible position as the presiding genius of the Manor House, and the leader of the little community and its religious movements. Both she and Frederick were devoted to their ancestral Reformed Church, and to the deliverances of the Synod of Dort. And now, from her accession to Margaretta's place, began here that seeking for a Reformed Church minister of which the old book speaks. Three or four years were given to it, and during all these years the organization was delayed. Why was this? With the answer to this question, I repeat, will come up a popularly less familiar, but for this very reason, a more interesting part of this address.

The Holland Reformed Church was formally organized in New Amsterdam in 1628. From its organization to the surrender of New Netherland to the English in 1664, it had

[1] Scharf's History, vol. ii, p. 56, footnote.

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founded thirteen churches, among which, besides the mother church in New York City, those of Albany, Flatbush, Kingston, Bergen, Brooklyn and Harlem have had the most enduring strength. With the surrender, however, came important changes, and sudden check to the growth of our Church. Immigration from Holland practically ceased. A great flow of English-speaking people set in. The Church of England was soon introduced. Our own Church, previously known only by its historic title "Reformed," began and continued, for distinction's sake, to be called "The Dutch Church." During its next thirty-three years, down to and including your year 1697, it gathered but thirteen more churches, among which the most noted have been those of Schenectady, New Utrecht, New Paltz, Hackensack, Port Richmond, Acquackanonck (now Passaic), Tappan, Fordham, and Philipsburgh (now Tarrytown). So much I have needed to give you of the history of the general church down to 1697.

Next as to ministers. Frederick and Catharina and their entire community, as already stated, were intensely devoted to their ancestral church. No one then here would have thought for a moment of seeking, for the contemplated organization, any other than what the old book calls a Reformed minister to preach to it, and that too in the Holland language, as both his own and the people's vernacular. But where could they find such a minister? When they began to seek for one, there were but seven Reformed Church ministers in America, and four of these were not Hollanders, but Frenchmen. The only three real Hollanders were Selyns, of the New York Church, Dellius, of Albany, and Varick, of Long Island. Whence would come the minister for this church? It was during the pendency of this question that in 1694 a man took his place in our ministry to whom, within the next thirty years, it was given to found several churches in our denomination. I refer of course to Guiliam (William) Bertholf. He was invited by this people in 1697, and he consented to come to them three or four times a year to preach and administer the sacraments. He came at once. I have already said that I be-

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lieve he continued to render this occasional service yearly till 1724. What I have already shown of the church's beginnings makes clear that it did not owe its being to him, but he organized it, perhaps with the coöperation of Domine Selyns, who was then and till his death in 1701 a most influential man in this vicinity. I shall take great pleasure in giving you a brief sketch of Domine Bertholf and his life and work. Till three or four years ago, remarkable as he was, his history continued very obscure in our church. It was reserved for myself to bring it out in the clear light in which it now stands, during my work of preparing for the Tappan bicentennial of 1894. It is published in full in my history of that church.

He was born at Sluis, in Holland, and baptized in the Reformed Church of that village, February 20, 1656.[1] His grandfather was Cristoffel (Christopher) Bertholf,[2] and his parents were Cryn (Quirinus) Bertholf and Sarah Van Coperen, who had been married about 1645. He was the sixth of nine children. He grew up in his native church, and was married on April 15, 1676, to Martyntje Hendricks Vermeulen (or Martina, daughter of Henry Vermeulen). Mr. and Mrs. Bertholf remained in Holland till their first three children, Sarah, Maria, and Elizabeth, were born. In 1684 they came to America, took up their abode in Acquackanonck, and on October 6 connected themselves with the Reformed Church of Bergen by letters from Sluis. They lived at Acquackanonck till 1690, when they bought land and built a home in Hackensack, where they were both yet living in 1726, as I know from their signatures to a deed in February of that year. They died of course not long after,

[1] Birth dates in his day and long afterwards were not entered in church records. Your own old book illustrates this, as I have shown. The church reckoned ages from baptisms, which always followed births at the very earliest possible day.

[2] The family name on the Sluis book is always written in two forms and with two f's, thus,—"Bertholff or Bartholff." The Domine always wrote his full name "Guiliaem Bertholf," but always signed documents with a simple "G. Bertholf." The Holland language knows nothing of the French form "Guillaume." His New Jersey congregations were full of Huguenots. This form of course had its start among them.

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and it is said that the Domine's remains were buried under the pulpit of the Hackensack church.

Guiliam was not a minister till September, 1693. A man of profound spirituality, warm heart, great capacity for teaching, and of an order known in our church of that day as "Voorlesers en Krankbesoekers," i. e., "Public Readers and Comforters of the Sick," he came to America to pursue this special calling. He was parish clerk at Harlem till September 13, 1691, and Voorleser there at the same time. His office was humble, but his sterling character and his valuable gifts as a leader of singing and a public reader, soon attracted general attention, and he was called into requisition all over East Jersey, and all along the lower Hudson outside the city of New York. The church of Hackensack had been organized in 1686, and the church of Acquackanonck in 1693. In the latter year these two churches united and sent this good man to Holland, to the Classis of Middelberg, with a request to have him examined, licensed, ordained, and commissioned to become their pastor. He was accordingly ordained and set apart to the pastoral care of these two churches on September 16, and promptly returned to America, where he arrived on February 24, 1694. He took up at once the joint pastorate to which he had been appointed, and continued in it till 1724. He was never pastor of any other church or churches, but on October 24, 1694, he organized the church of Tappan, like your own an upgrowth from previous and long-maintained religious meetings, and exercised over it the most minute vigilance till his retirement from public work in 1724. He did for it what he does not seem to have taken up here at all. He maintained the most careful supervision of its records, which are specific and full as to entry of facts and dates, and perfect throughout the whole thirty years of his connection with the church. For the first fifteen years of his ministry, all new Reformed Churches of New Jersey, and some in New York besides, were organized and watched over by him. He founded the churches of Port Richmond, Staten Island, and Somerville, New Jersey. It is impossible to magnify the impulses he gave to the Lord's work in every

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direction,— impulses from which many churches finally grew that were not organized till he himself had passed away. Among these last were the churches of Ponds, Preakness, Second River (now Belleville), and Schraalenbergh. His piety was deep, his judgment superior, his Biblical knowledge great, his preaching reverent and spiritual, and his intercourse with people cordial and magnetic. I myself, in my childhood, personally knew aged people whose lives ran far back toward his day, and who gave, handed down to them by their parents who had been his parishioners, wonderful testimonies of the very great worth of this servant of Christ, who, but for the work done in the interest of our now occurring bicentennials, would soon have become a mere myth in the thought of our church.[1] His descendants have come to be very numerous and widely scattered. I have a complete table of his children and grandchildren, and about two hundred names of later generations. We have two of his descendants in our denominational ministry to-day.

And now this Guiliam Bertholf, though not the originator, was yet the organizer of your church. Domine Selyns may have taken part in the formal service of organization. The church was of course started in organic connection with the foreign Classis of Amsterdam and the Synod of North Holland. The only service Domine Bertholf was ever able to give to it was to come at most four times, oftener three times, and sometimes but twice in a year, to prepare for and to administer the sacraments. The Voorleser was the resident leader of the regular weekly and Sabbath services. The Domine could not give to you, so far away from his home, the closer care he gave to Tappan, almost at his door, even to the extent of watching its minutes and records. But he did all he could with the many interests he carried, and especially with his more formal and constant care of the two churches of which he was really the pastor. He was driven over here every time he came by Mr. Theunis

[1] The church of Raritan (Somerville), will come to its two hundredth anniversary in 1899. The grand history of that church, the vigor of its present life, and the known interest of its intelligent pastor in the coming event, give good ground for hope that still further revelations may be brought out with regard to this remarkable man and his self-denying and industrious life.

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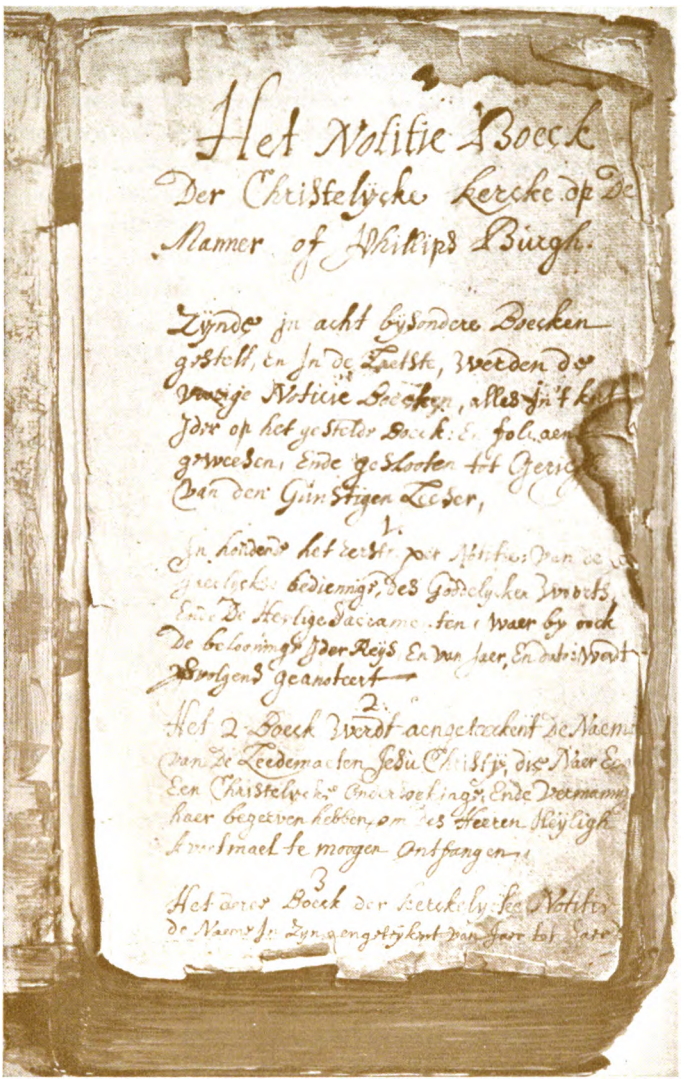

Het Notitie Boeck
Der Christelycke Kercke op de
Manner of Philips Burgh.

Zynde jn acht bysondere Boecken
gestelt, en jn de Laetste, werden de
vorige Notitie Boecken, alles jn't kort
Jdir op het gestelt Boeck: en volgens
geweesen, Ende geslooten tot Gerij
van den Gunstigen Leser,

1.

Jn houdende het eerste, het Herstel van de
geestelycke bedienngh, des Godtdelycken Woorts,
Ende De Heylige Sacramenten, waer by ook
De beloommgh Jder Reys En van Jaer, En dat is wert
volgens geanoteert

2.

Het 2 Boeck wordt aengeteekent de Naem
van De Leedemaeten Jesu Christij, die Naer En
Een Christelycke Onderseylingh, Ende Dreynnm
haer begeeven hebben, om des Heeren Heylighe
Avondmael te mogen Ontfangen.

3

Het derde Boeck der kerckelycke Notitie
de Naem Jr Zyn gentekent van Jaer tot Jaer

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Van Houten, one of his Tappan elders, from whom I am myself in direct descent in the seventh generation. The book shows that he and Mr. Van Houten received their pay at each visit by itself. The spiritual productiveness of his work among you from 1697 to 1724 is represented by an enrolment of about one hundred and sixty names gathered to your communion. I do not believe the preserved roll is complete, but so it stands. At its head is the name of Mrs. Philipse, entered in this remarkable way: "The Right Hon., pious, very wise and Provident Lady Catharina Philipse, widow of Lord Frederick Philipse, who did here very praiseworthily advance the cause of religion." The entry is a relic of a feudal age.

So then you see that Mr. Bertholf began his work here in 1697. No doubt he was most carefully received and treated at every one of his visits by the commanding Frederick and the elegant Lady Catharina; and no doubt the genuine worth of the man, and the characteristic reverence of old-fashioned Hollanders for his sacred office, gave him large influence with these friends at the Manor House, as well as with the whole Philipsburgh community. It must have been quite easy for him to deepen the interest of his manorial friends in the substantial, and every way noble equipment of the cherished house. He may have had a share in the suggestion of the valuable imported pulpit, communion table and plate, all of which, except the pulpit, you still have in possession, and hold in such high regard as coming down from his time. It is difficult for us to think of this simple-hearted, pious man feeling any interest in the elevated and curtained perches at the side of his pulpit, placed for the purpose of lifting some of his hearers above others in a house expressly planned of God to bring rich and poor, high and low, together, and emphasize the fact that God was the maker of them all. Let us not for a moment doubt that the good Domine simply bore this as inseparable from the times, and as something that he could not change; that his heart and mind were infinitely above it, and that his preaching was direct and faithful to all alike. How can we be sufficiently grateful for the coming

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of a better day, and for the equalizing conditions under which we live? Let us think of this.

During the connection of Domine Bertholf with this church nearly a third of a century passed away. From 1697 to 1724 made great changes in the Philipse family and in the history of the Philipse Manor. Five years after our organization, in 1702, Frederick died. His remains were interred in a vault beneath this building, prepared expressly for, and for three quarters of a century afterward used by, his family. His will devised this part of his vast estate, from Dobbs Ferry to the northern limit, to his only living son Adolphus, who for the next forty-seven years, to his death in 1749, was lord of the Upper Philipsburgh Manor. Adolphus never married. His stepmother, Lady Catharina, must of course have continued to preside at this Manor House till her own death in 1730, six years after the termination of Domine Bertholf's connection with your church. The rest of the original manor, from Dobbs Ferry to its southern limit, he left to his grandson Frederick, only child of his deceased son Philip, and Maria Sparks, daughter of Governor Sparks, of the island of Barbadoes. Both the parents of young Frederick had died in 1700 when their child was but five years old.[1] His mother's relatives sent him at once to their people in England, and kept him under the training of the English Church till he reached his majority, and came to Yonkers about 1719 to claim his Philipse estate. When he entered on his Yonkers life he had known no other church but the Church of England. This gave to Yonkers a complete swing off from the ancestral church of the Philipse family. Then in 1749 Adolphus died, probably here in the Manor House, having willed all his property to the Yonkers Frederick. Thus the original integrity of the vast Philipse Manor was restored. Frederick, however, dying in July, 1751, left arrangements for the founding of a Church of England in Yonkers, which was actually founded in 1752, the very year after his death. This hasty review accounts for the difference between the beginnings

[1] He was born in 1695. See N. Y. Gen. and Biog. Record, vol. ix, p. 120. Also Scharf's History, vol. ii, pp. 12, 55.

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of Tarrytown and Yonkers. The foundations of Tarrytown were laid in the bed-rock of the Reformed Church. Those of Yonkers came to be laid with equal solidity in the bed-rock of the Church of England. Tarrytown has held its Reformed Church foundation to this day. Yonkers would have differed from Tarrytown any way, on account of its more recent civil start and its phenomenally rapid growth. It has been far more cosmopolitan than Tarrytown. But St. John's of Yonkers holds even down to to-day, and will hold, its primal strength. It was planted in the strong foundation of a Philipse endowment, and nothing less than a convulsion will disturb the primacy, which is, though no longer prominently, yet in a large and lasting degree that endowment's fruit.

I come now to your

Second Period, 1724–1785.

In traversing this, I shall keep as far as possible from details with which many of you are so familiar. There are no church minutes of it in existence, so far as I can learn. The old book contains nothing of it except its statistical tables. These show a regular annual election of elders and deacons, a steady receiving of members, and continuous baptisms of children and marriages down to 1775. All this proves, of course, that the church organization was maintained, and the sacraments were continuously administered to that year; in other words, till the outbreak of the Revolution. And this again means that, during the fifty-one years from 1724 to 1775, there had been, at least three or four times a year, some minister in this pulpit. I will inquire into this in its order while touching upon a few facts of the period as briefly as their deep interest will allow.

1. *In regard to the Philipses.* They continued in possession of this spot till 1779. At the death of Frederick in

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1702, his manor, from Dobbs Ferry to its northern limit, passed into the hands of his only living son Adolphus, who soon after added to it, by purchase, a tract of land covering almost the whole of our present Putnam County, and which he called his "Highland Estate." Adolphus, dying in 1749, left all his property to the second Lord Frederick Philipse, who had fallen heir to Lower Philipsburgh at his grandfather's death in 1702, and who, since reaching his majority, had occupied the old Yonkers residence as his manor house. From 1749 again, there was but one Manor of Philipsburgh, and of this Yonkers was the manorial center. The dwelling here ceased to be known as a manor house, and came to be called "The Castle," a name which it had more or less borne from the beginning on account of its great strength as a structure, and the defenses with which it was equipped against the savages to whose attacks it was exposed. The second Lord Philipse, dying in 1751, only two years after his uncle Adolphus, in his turn devised his vast domain to his own son Frederick, who thus became the third lord of the name, but is better known in history by his military title as Colonel Frederick Philipse. This third lord, adhering to the British side in the time of the Revolution, was by the New York legislature attainted of treason in 1779. The act of attainder carried with it the confiscation of the Manor of Philipsburgh, which was, in consequence, sold at public sale in 1785. Colonel Philipse had, in 1779, left America and settled in Chester, England, where he died in 1785, the English government having reimbursed him for the loss sustained through our act. From all this story you see that this interesting region remained under the Philipses till 1779. It is important to bear this in mind. It will explain to you in part the absolute freedom of this church from disturbance during one of the stormiest periods our denomination has ever known in its American history. Adolphus, owner here for forty-seven years ending with 1749, was never a member of this church, but, of course, had commanding influence. John Jay says of him (see Bolton, vol. i, p. 519): "He was a man of superior talents, well educated, sedate, highly respected, and

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popular." We may take for granted that in this case one-man influence, not always good, served a valuable end in keeping down hurtful excitement in the church as long as he lived. As for his successors, the second and third lords, as you have seen, they were absorbed in the Church of England. They would not interfere with the management of this church, but we may be equally sure that they would not encourage the entrance into it of dissensions that would be likely to weaken what in its beginnings had been so dear to Frederick and "Margaretta of blessed memory," and to the eminently "pious Lady Catharina," all of whose precious remains lay slumbering under the sacred floor of this house, whose monograms had been engraved upon its cherished pieces of furniture, and whose prayers they knew had gone up countless times from its sacred seats that God would honor it as his dwelling place, and bless it with his holy peace from generation to generation. We have every reason to believe that your particular congregation here took no part worthy of note in the great dissensions of the day that so fearfully shook our Reformed Church. I refer, of course, to the great struggle of the denomination which raged between 1730 and 1771, after independence of the mother church in Holland,—a struggle which developed what is known in our history as the Coetus and Conferentie controversy—the Coetus or Assembly party desiring independent ecclesiastical organization on this side of the Atlantic, and the Conferentie party being for the keeping up of our organic connection with the Holland Classis and Synod. I need not take a minute of your time now to dwell upon this controversy. It is enough to say that its bitterness would have killed any institution not endowed with a divine life. It sent a rift through the very heart of the Tappan Church, separating it into two organizations, which it took many years to reunite. My published history of that church recites the story of its terrible strain. I have no need to dwell on the old controversy here, because this church, though it must have seen it going on, and must have known differences of opinion among its members on its merits, does not seem to have

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seriously felt it. The minutes of the Coetus do not connect you with it, nor do those of the Conferentie. What we have in this country of the Amsterdam Correspondence does not refer to you as mingled in it. When Dr. Corwin went to Holland last August, with commission from our General Synod to secure for us what remains over there of this correspondence, I asked him to examine every scrap existing, to see if you are anywhere mentioned. I have received a letter from him saying that he finds nothing at all. You yourselves have not even a tradition connecting you with the great controversy. I am satisfied that you were not disturbed by it in any way.

2. *In regard to the ministers of this period. Who were they? We have seen that its sacraments were continuously kept up. What ministers followed Domine Bertholf?*

I answer that this church, though organized in 1697, never had what our usage calls a pastor till 1785. The church of Tappan, organized in 1694, was under Domine Bertholf as a stated supply till 1724, but has had regular pastors without a break from 1726 to now, seven in all. Domine Selyns and his second wife, who had been the widow of ex-Mayor Cornelius Steenwyck, having become possessors of the Manor of Fordham in 1694, had almost immediately thereafter deeded it to the New York Church. In 1696 that church started a religious colony at Fordham as a mission plant. In that relation, as a mission simply, they allowed it to lie for one hundred and six years, till 1802. In that year it was at last organized, received its first pastor, and started on real church life. So different have been the histories of these three most interesting churches. Your church has had a regular organization since 1697, and you enjoyed the occasional ministrations of one of the most valuable ministers our denomination ever knew down to 1724. But as you have now clearly seen, Domine Bertholf was never your pastor. When did you first have a pastor? Who followed Domine Bertholf, and who were your ministers from 1724 to 1785? Some one a few years

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ago started the idea that Domine Muzelius,[1] who was real pastor at Tappan from 1727 to 1749, supplied you here during those years. Different writers have adopted it. But there is no ground for it in history or even in tradition. He may have preached in your church some time, perhaps even some times. But he was never your pulpit supply at all. I have been familiar with his history and characteristics from my childhood. Supplying churches was never his turn. During the most of his pastoral period from 1727 to 1749, and his long subsequent career from 1749 to his death in 1782, he lived in the whirl of the great controversy to which I have alluded. His spirit was fiercely controversial. The Amsterdam Correspondence is full of him, and so are the minutes of the Coetus. It is impossible to conceive that he could ever have been a supply here, and no tradition of him be floating in your air. He was never your stated supply. Dr. Stewart was right in his sermon in saying of Domine Bertholf: "His immediate successor is not known." And Bolton had been right eighteen years earlier in giving no name between Domine Bertholf, who closed with you in 1724, and Domine Ritzema, whom your tablet names as next earliest on its list. I will now give you what must have been the real facts of your ministerial supply service during your whole second period, from 1724 to 1785.

Your church, down to the outbreak of the Revolution in 1775, was cared for and supplied with more or less regularity by the mother church in New York, which gave its helping hand to all our pastorless churches in its immediate vicinity. No single person supplied you continuously between 1724 and 1744. You had of course a minister at each communion season, but no regular one. Domine Gualterus Du Bois and Domine Henricus Boel,[2] both of the

[1] Dr. Corwin in his Manual, p. 639, gives Muzelius as your supply from 1726 to 1749, but cannot give me the source of the item. It may be well to mention here that his name occurs once in your old book. He is named as the officiant at the marriage of Jan Enters and Maria Sie, July 8, 1770. Long before this date he had broken with our regular church, and was now leading a schismatic organization at Tappan.

[2] For Du Bois and Boel, see Corwin's Manual and its references. No men

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New York church, did everything they could to keep the pulpits around the city supplied down to 1744. In this year there came from Holland, upon call by the city church, a minister who at once threw his whole heart into mission work all around, and whose name, down to the date of the Revolution, is in the books and upon the traditions of every church in the vicinity which at that time did not have a pastor of its own. There was no end to his activity. Harlem, Fordham, and Cortlandt all knew Domine Johannes Ritzema well. And you knew him and received continuous care from him here. He was the great caretaker of this church from 1744 to 1775, when everything broke up around the city, and he retired to Kinderhook, where he stayed till his death. I will close my story of your second period with a short account of him and of those who shared his family name.

He was born in East Friesland in 1708. Having accepted a call from the New York church in 1744, he came over soon after, bringing with him his wife Hilletje Dykstra and three children, Rudolph, Alida, and Marie Wilhelmina. To these were added, born on this side, Margaretta, Johannes, and David, no one of whom lived to reach maturity. The Domine came to his American pastorate just in time to find the great feeling for a Coetus growing to a fever heat. He was never absent from a session during the existence of the Coetus, so far as preserved minutes show. He ended by becoming president of the body. Providentially his position, being the true one for its best interests, did nothing to hurt the Church, but everything to advance it in the American spirit. And though in the difficulty of the times he was often bewildered, and seems sometimes even to have wavered and to have incurred the suspicions of the Church's best friends, yet he came out in true sympathy with Dr. Livingston's great movement of 1771 for the Church's American independence and unification, and

were ever more unlike in temperament. Yet both were indefatigable workers in the Church. Du Bois died in 1751, leaving behind him a record without a spot. Boel lived to 1754. His latest years were devoted to the deepening of the schismatic spirit then springing up within our lines.

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was one of that movement's brightest lights. His name stands first on the list of those who subscribed the Articles of Union in October of that year, and he worked cordially thereafter even with men who had opposed him in earlier days. I have not room to discuss his course from 1747 to 1771, but I have always regarded him as a genuine servant of Christ, and a real friend of the Church and the churches. He well understood and appreciated the necessity for our Americanization. And I believe he always meant to promote it. He left New York at the outbreak of the Revolution, and took refuge in Kinderhook, where he finally died on April 7, 1794, at eighty-six years of age. His wife died the year before, aged eighty-five. Their remains lie in the Kinderhook Cemetery. The spot is marked by a monument erected by the New York church.[1]

Without entering into particulars of the greatest interest as to how it came about, I will add that Domine Ritzema was one of the original ten trustees of King's, now Columbia, College. His son Rudolph entered its first class in 1754, being the second applicant enrolled, and was graduated at its first Commencement in 1758. He was tall, and of commanding soldierly appearance. His father meant him for the ministry, but he threw aside study, and, entering the service of Frederick the Great of Prussia, took part in the Seven Years' War against Austria and the allied powers, out of which Prussia emerged as a nation of the highest rank. In 1762, returning to New York, Rudolph studied law. During our Revolution he was in our military service. At the battle of White Plains, however, he basely deserted the American cause, and went over to the enemy.

[1] The N. Y. Gen. and Biog. Record is very full on the Ritzemas. For the family entire, with a special notice of the death of the son David, see vol. ix. p. 192. For the New York baptisms of Margaretta, Johannes, and David, vol. xxv. pp. 67, 116, and vol. xxvi. p. 162. For Rudolph and his career, vol. i. p. 37 — vol. v. p. 127 — vol. xviii. pp. 2, 146 — vol. xxv. pp. 123, 126–128. For Alida, her marriage to Nicholas Bogert, widower with eight children, and her own large family of thirteen children more, vol. ix. p. 191. Her son, Cornelius Bogert, for thirty-three years clerk of the New York Collegiate Church Consistory, was the maternal grandfather of Rev. Dr. Cornelius Brett of Jersey City. Rev. Dr. Robert Russell Booth of New York is also a great grandson of Alida, through her daughter Annetje (or Ann).

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This threw an unfortunate blot upon a family name that ought never to be repeated without respect in our Reformed Church in America, and that you need not be ashamed to have on your tablet. It represents a man of mind, of heart, and of faithful devotion, who, in your days of weakness, cared for you and gave you all the attention he could, while all the time doing full duty as pastor of the New York church, and at the same time helping the people of Harlem, Fordham, and Cortlandt, as well as yourselves.

I come now to your last period:

From 1785 to the Present Time.

Let us not fail here to appreciate what had transpired since Ritzema had withdrawn to Kinderhook in 1775, and the last Consistory had been elected in 1776. A terrific convulsion had passed over the land and swept old conditions all away. A new dispensation had set in. The war had expelled British authority from the colonies. On the 9th of July, 1776, but five days after the Declaration of Independence, the State of New York had been formally organized at White Plains by a vote of the representatives of the people. On the 20th of April, 1777, the State Assembly had adopted the first State constitution, and George Clinton had been elected first Governor. New York had been captured by an English army soon after, but evacuated, as you know, on the 25th of November, 1783. So things had changed within the ten years before the opening of this your third period. And anticipating a little, to save need for return to this line of thought further on, let me remind you that our glorious National Constitution was adopted by our new State July 26, 1787, and the government of the United States went into formal operation through the inauguration of George Washington as President, April 30, 1789. British rule had departed, feudalism had vanished, the sunlight of constitutional freedom and equality of rights had dawned upon our land by 1785, and was only waiting with impa-

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tience to break in all its glory within its next five years. What a bright irradiation must have been already gathering over this enchanting spot! Under the spell of its increasing glow, your people had rallied to this little church and torn from its interior corners what I have called the curtained perches from which man-created, and man-assumed dignity had looked down for many a decade on what it held to be the common people. I do not dare let loose upon this special theme under my present limit of space. What a range my spirit would take, "unconscious of a chain," if I should let it out to fly across the sea and take a bird's eye view of the Old World just at this time! How it would revel in thought over storm-threatened Europe, cowering before the approach of the French Revolution, with down-trodden, crouching populations aspiring to break the manacles of centuries, and rise into the slowly but surely coming liberty foreshadowed and guaranteed to the world by the decisions of our own world-shaking and world-changing conflict! But I cannot follow up this trail just here. Your last period begins with changed conditions far and wide, and changes to this church which no words can adequately describe, since Ritzema's withdrawal from it in 1775. The new State of New York had confiscated all Philipsburgh in 1779. The title to all property within many miles around you, including your little church and its glebe, had been vested in the state now for six years. In 1785, the State created a Commission to sell the confiscated property at auction to the highest bidder. It was careful, however, to save the churches for their people. This building, with two acres of land, including your graveyard as then defined, was by the Commission conveyed in trust to a Board of Trustees, to be held for you. Later on, on the 7th of May, 1788, these trustees, determining no longer to remain in being, and using the church's formula in describing our Consistories as our legal holders of property, turned over their trust to the "Minister, Elders and Deacons" of your church. Since then you have owned what you never had owned under the Philipses, and, in fact, had never owned till that day. You were incorporated January 3,

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1786, and again January 23, 1792, and again, a third time, I think, in 1860, the last time under your present name of "The First Reformed Church of Tarrytown," to distinguish you from your daughter church, which had been organized in 1851.

Another change had occurred with you which must be noticed for a full understanding of your condition in 1785. This, however, had dated from 1771, when Ritzema was your caretaker. In that year the detaching of our American Church from the Classis of Amsterdam had been effected. The Classis of New York had been organized in 1772, and you had come under its care. In this new relation you continued till 1851, when you united with the other churches of Westchester County in forming the Classis of Westchester to which you still belong.

And now having given you the changed conditions under which this your third period came in, let me speak directly of the period itself. It has been a period of real pastors. You never had a pastor before 1785. You have never been without one since. Nine pastors, Van Voorhis, Jackson, Smith, Du Bois, Wilson, Ferris, Stewart, Thompson and Allen, and one assistant, Schenck, have filled your pulpit. The ministries of the first three of these men, Van Voorhis, Jackson, and Smith, the last of which terminated in 1837, saw no effort on your part to extend your church work beyond the old limits of which this site had so long been the cherished center. Your fourth pastor, Du Bois, however, who came to you in 1838, took his place under an express stipulation by you that you would build a new house of worship in the south end of the village, and hold services at both points. This you did, and the pastor preached in the morning in this house, and in the afternoon in the other, till his death in 1845. Your fifth pastor, Wilson, continued this arrangement with you from 1845 till his resignation in 1849. Your sixth pastor, Ferris, coming in 1849, began under the same arrangement, but soon perceiving the great importance of the village work, abandoned this center and confined himself wholly to the new charge till 1852. It was during this interval, from 1849 to 1852, that the assis-

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tant Schenck was employed to keep up the work in this house. In 1852, the village constituency was organized into "The Second Reformed Church of Tarrytown," with your pastor, Ferris, set over it as its head. From 1852, you have been known, in distinction from that, as "The First Reformed Church." You started in that year with your seventh pastor, Stewart. He preached in this church for the next two years, during which time you built your North Broadway or present house of worship. It was dedicated May 24, 1854. From that day the seventh pastor filled its pulpit till his closing service of May 13, 1866. Your eighth and ninth pastors, Thompson and Allen, have of course, recognized the more modern and better related edifice as their great home for their permanent work, but both have set their hallowing stamp upon this precious house of the olden time, by holding stated service in it each Sabbath afternoon during the pleasant season of each returning year. This has been the general history of your pastorates through your third period. Under them you have exercised more care in the keeping of minutes and records, though sad to say, over a stretch of twenty years of the time of Rev. Mr. Smith, there is no preserved member register. But I take for granted that your church books, with that exception, have been fairly well kept during the last hundred years, and I am sure that you must have kept them with the most scrupulous care at least since 1837.

Your first real pastor was the Rev. Stephen Van Voorhis. Of his lineage I am not informed. He was a Princeton graduate of 1765, and the first licentiate of our Reformed Church in America after the Union of 1771. He was licensed at the first of the General Meetings of Ministers and Elders, held in October, 1772. His examination is said to have given the body much satisfaction. In the Minutes he is not entered as Van Voorhis, but as Voorhees. After serving for a time as pastor, first at Poughkeepsie, and later at Dover, New Jersey, he came to you from Rhinebeck in 1785, and remained with you till 1788, serving both Cortlandtown and Philipsburgh, and preaching sometimes at Sing Sing besides. After leaving you in 1788, he preached

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for a time in Presbyterian churches till his death which occurred on November 23, 1796.

Not a line in regard to his life is on record here. But tradition kept for him down to 1886 a pleasant tribute to his preaching and character, which Dr. Stewart embalmed for all time in his sermon of that year. It is known that over his devoted head broke the terrible storm which the introduction of the English language into our churches was sure to bring. When he came in 1785 he found the last entry that had been made in the old book, under the date of April 28, 1777, standing in Dutch.[1] He began his own entries in English, in which your books have ever since been kept. The Synod approved his call May 17, 1785. In the old book we have his name twice written by himself. once as S. Van Voorhis, V. D. M., and once as Stephen Van Voorhis. One of these signatures is to his acknowledgment given in October, 1785, of part payment of his moving expenses. Then again we have him mentioned as the officiant at a marriage in the same year, with which the clerk has him entered as "Dom. Van Voorhese." But already on September 25 he had given mortal offense by using the English language in baptizing a child. We cannot understand this now. The impression has come down to us that this jar was the cause of his departure from the church after a ministry with it of only three years.

Your next pastor was the Rev. John Frelinghuysen Jackson.[2] He was a son of Rev. William Jackson and Anna Frelinghuysen, both of whom were of grand descent, and of family lines known from a long way back. The line of the father was Scottish and the mother was a daughter of Rev. John Frelinghuysen, and a granddaughter of Rev. Theodorus Jacobus Frelinghuysen of Holland, the first settled Reformed minister of Central New Jersey. All the three ministers thus named were licensed in Holland by the

[1] It is an attest of the condition of the treasury at that time, and is signed "Quod Attestor, J. Ritzema, V. D. M."

[2] The Tarrytown "Argus" of October 2, 1897, has a portrait of this pastor, and a full and admirable article upon him. And its issues of September 18 and 25 are equally valuable for their painstaking sketches of the third pastor, Rev. Thomas Gibson Smith.

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Classis of Amsterdam. The fame of the Frelinghuysen ministers for spiritual character, pulpit power, and strong practical wisdom has proved enduring, and the stamp of their life and work upon their New Jersey field is indelible. The father of your second pastor, Rev. William Jackson, received his master's degree from the University of Utrecht, and also from three American colleges, Columbia, Yale, and Princeton. He was a trustee of Queens College. He was a man of extraordinary pulpit eloquence, being regarded as a second Whitefield. His son, your pastor, was graduated from Queens College in 1788, and licensed by our General Synod in 1790. At the session of Synod in October, 1791, he presented and had approved a call made upon him by the congregations of Harlem and Tarrytown uniting. He was ordained and installed in this joint pastorate November 13, and continued in it till 1806, having during its last four years, or from 1802, carried the care of Fordham besides. In 1819 he became pastor at Fordham alone, in which he continued till his death in 1836.

Rev. Mr. Jackson left behind him an honored name and the memory of a consecrated and useful life. He was a man of large worldly fortune, and he served the churches almost gratuitously. Dr. Todd, in his history of this church, mentions a single incident connected with his last sermon among you, illustrating his fearlessness in the pulpit. A few are still living who remember him well. His ministry is said to have been wonderfully faithful and zealous. His life, we are told, was crowded with laborious usefulness, and when at the verge of death he was all self-renunciation, humility, gratitude, hope and joy. Such a character must have told in blessing on your church. The fruits of it must assuredly be lingering with you still.

Your third pastor was the Rev. Thomas Gibson Smith. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, came to America in 1774, studied under Dr. John M. Mason, and was licensed by the Associate Presbyterian Church in 1791. After serving in other fields, both Presbyterian and Reformed, he came here from Ulster County upon a call from you, which was approved in the New York Classis January 26,

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1808. He was installed on the second Sabbath of the following October, and remained with you till his death on April 10, 1837, at eighty-two years of age. Both his own remains and those of his wife Jemima, whose last name is believed to have been Allen, lie in your cemetery just behind this church.

During his life in this country before his ministry, from 1774 to 1791, he took active part in the war of our Revolution. His study for the ministry was after the war. He was an intensely zealous patriot, and even after he came to your pastorate, always kept his patriotism to the front, emphasizing it in his acts, addresses, and sermons. Not only was his example a standing rebuke, but his open and fearless handling was a powerful check to the Toryism that still lingered in our country in the early part of this century. This was one of the distinguishing features of his character, and of his Tarrytown history.

And now as to the personality, the preaching, the pastoral qualities, and the heroic ministerial work of this man. Does any one expect me to attempt an adequate characterization of him in this address, and under the disadvantage of my time limitations? A man of robust physique; clear and powerful intellect, well trained and equipped; a hater of shams; a stranger to the feeling of fear; spiritual minded; a ready speaker, equal to every occasion; abounding in worldly insight and tact; full enough of personal eccentricity to make every one curious to know what he would say or do next; and withal united in marriage to one who in her way was as much of a rarity as himself — this remarkable man, thus endowed, thus molded and shaped, and thus loaded down, was cast upon most remarkable times, and the combination developed a most remarkable history. I never read his record, so often and with so much fullness reviewed, ably rehearsed again within the last month by one of your village papers, without feeling that God raised him up and sent him here to meet conditions to which no ordinary man would ever have been equal. I think our wisdom is in looking, not so much at his eccentricities, or his personal or ministerial persecutions

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and trials, as at his preaching, his revival work, his church upbuilding, his powerful stamping out of sin, his winning of souls. To no man better than to him would the inscription on the tomb of Christopher Wren, the great rebuilder of St. Paul's after the London fire of 1666, apply — "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice." "If you seek his monument, look around you." Such men as he never die.

Your fourth pastor was the Rev. George Du Bois. He was of Huguenot descent, was born at New Paltz in 1800, was licensed by the Classis of Paramus in 1819, and spent nineteen years in the ministry in New York city before coming to you in 1838. He gave you the next six years of his toil, and died in your service in 1844.

I personally and well knew this splendid man during most of his New York ministry. A man more unlike Domine Smith never existed. Both were full of holy boldness, but this man knew nothing of fight. He was lovingly genial, but dignity sat on him like a gracefully fitting garment, and everywhere, and nowhere more than in the pulpit, he was remarkable for sense of fitness. He was never finical, but he was always proper. He was a model of ministerial good sense. But his deep, pervading piety was his charm. His preaching, always the outcome of most elaborate preparation, was always deeply spiritual and nourishing; and in his earlier life in New York, in his days of better health, he had been a pastor of great fidelity, laying himself out for one great end — to bring his people, young and old, to the embrace and faithful service of the Lord Jesus Christ. It was a sad day when his life began to give out before the wasting of the great incurable malady that takes so many lives away; and a still sadder day when it was told that George Du Bois was dead. His name will be a precious one in your annals long after all are gone who still recall his loving face.

Your fifth pastor was Domine Joseph Wilson. He was born in 1797, was a graduate of the College of New Jersey, and after a course of study in our New Brunswick Seminary, was licensed by the Classis of New Brunswick in 1821. After twenty-four years of labor in other fields, he came to

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you from Fairfield, N. J., in 1845, and served you till 1849, when he returned to Fairfield, and after a second ministry of twenty-four years in that place, retired from active work in 1873, and finally died May 1, 1878, at eighty-one years of age. He was a great reader, student, and thinker, a sound and earnest preacher, and very active as a writer and author, particularly as a contributor to religious papers. I cannot speak of him as I can of some of your ministers from personal knowledge, and I have not found a fragment in regard to him, bearing upon his ministry here.

Of the five of your nine pastors whem I have thus sketched, I have shown that not one is now living. Four yet remain to be brought up in my review. One of these four has also passed away. Though he was not your sixth or next pastor in chronological order, but your seventh, yet let me bring him in here, as having joined your first five on the other side. I refer of course to the beloved Abel T. Stewart, than whom no past laborer in your field is held in more grateful remembrance. He was born at Somerville, N. J., August 4, 1822, was graduated from Rutgers College in 1843, took the regular course in our Seminary, and was licensed by the Classis of New Brunswick in 1846. He came at once to Westchester County, and was identified with all our churches here for twenty years, till his call away to Michigan in 1866. Just as he was leaving for that State, he gave you on Sabbath morning, May 13, an interesting review of your own church's history in a farewell sermon. Scarcely another man would have been able to speak as he did of the details of Cortlandtown and Peekskill, of Unionville and Greenburgh, of Greenville and Yonkers, for he had lived and had his being in them all. He had felt every pulsation of these churches down to that day. I knew him intimately from his boyhood to the hour when word went out that he was gone. Did you ever know a man with a larger heart and a warmer soul? He began his Tarrytown ministry in this venerated building. Your new church on Broadway was built during his first two years and dedicated on the 24th of May, 1854. And it was during his ministry here that after ten years of battling with

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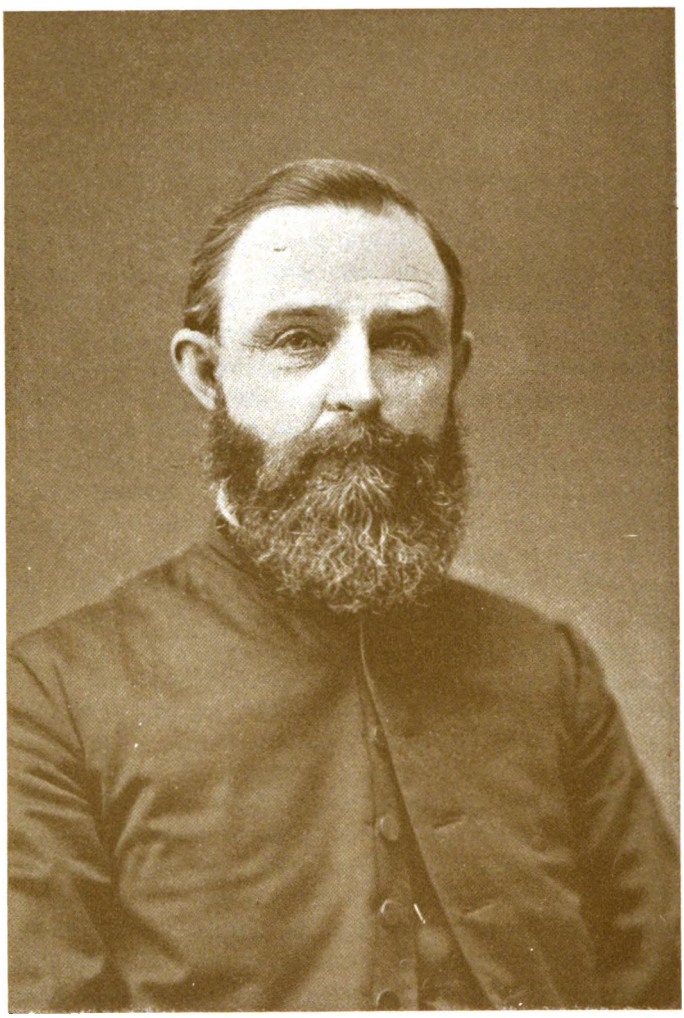

REV. JOHN W. SCHENCK, D. D.

Asst. to Rev. Dr. Ferris from 1849 to 1851.

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its cost, its last dollar of incumbrance was cleared away in 1864. A blessed memory is this, and all the more because of its connection with so loved a name.

There is one more departed brother who was with you for two years as an assistant to one of your real pastors. It is a privilege to pay a tribute to his memory as we pass along. Dr. John W. Schenck was an earnest, faithful man, whose record will come up in the great day when crowns are given from the throne. He was sent for long before age had met him in the way. Our Master knows his own, and wills to have them with him where he is. Sometimes he does not wait till hairs turn gray to call them to himself.

Having thus remembered the seven departed brethren who have served you here, I linger a little longer to speak briefly of your three pastors who still live. Dr. Allen is, of course, on all our hearts. With his people at his side, he is the presiding spirit of this now passing ceremonial. Twenty-seven years he has been living among you a life of loyalty to his Master and to your church. Two years ago you celebrated his completion of a quarter century as your pastor, and it was then my privilege to emphasize, through a public address, both my own and your warm love for him, and our sincere admiration of his mind and heart. Two years have made no change in what we felt that day, except to deepen our regard. Far distant be the time, though surely it will come some day, when bonds so sweet as yours and his must be dissolved. Such pastorates are ideal. They tell, both for pastors and people, the solid character and good judgment that have made them possible in these times of love for change. God keep you both beneath the shadow of his wing, and guide you by his gentle hand in days to come as in your past, is the strong, upgoing prayer for you from all who sit around you in this bright memorial hour.

Of your two other pastors who still live, both of whom have been present with these ceremonies, the first is Dr. John Mason Ferris. He was your pastor for two years from 1849, and then pastor for three years longer of your second Reformed Church here, which is your own child, and

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to which, after carrying it as a part of your own church from 1838, separate organization was given in 1852. Dr. Ferris perpetuates in our Reformed Church ministry the name of his honored father, who was for more than half a century one of our grandest men both in and out of the pulpit, and who was known far and wide during the last twenty years of his life as the eminent chancellor of the New York University. His son was graduated from that institution in 1843, and from our New Brunswick Seminary in 1849. He came to you as his first charge. He was full of good judgment and energy, and was sent here, as we of to-day can see, to guide you wisely and safely, after so many years of preparation, in your final act of giving to this village its second Reformed Church. In 1854 he left you for Western work, and from 1865 has given to our denomination seventeen years of service as corresponding secretary of its Board of Foreign Missions, and fifteen years more as one of the editors of our "Christian Intelligencer." His life has represented a career of great usefulness, reflecting honor on the church in which he began his work, and adding luster to the roll of pulpit names with which your history comes to you adorned to-day.

Your other still living pastor of the years gone by is Dr. John Bodine Thompson. He was graduated in succession from both our New Brunswick institutions, and was licensed to our ministry in 1858, having done grand service, for almost a decade before he began his seminary course, in teaching and in general educational work in New Jersey. Coming of a sturdy stock, he enjoys the sound mind in the sound body. And having received the best instructional advantages, he represents the mind of naturally quick and keen perceptive power, cultured and refined through direct study and through years of intercourse with leading scholars both at home and abroad, and capable of and delighting in the closest analytical thinking. He has held several of our own pulpits. He did important work for a time in the Free, now the Evangelical, Church of Italy, and later was for five years pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Berkeley, California, during a part of which time he filled a professo-

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rial chair in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of San Francisco. He is distinguished as a minutely accurate scholar, an active and voluminous author, and one of the foremost men in our Reformed Church ministry. That your memorial tablet can now be lengthened out to include such names as his ought to be just ground for gratitude both among yourselves and with all who come to give you greeting in the Master's name this hour.

In bringing now to quick conclusion your history of two hundred years, I must seek, in justice to my Lord and to yourselves, to impress you with proper sense of the influence that has gone forth from the Philipse plant of 1697. First of all, what began as one church long ago became two. It would be criminal omission not to take into our inventory of outgrowth from the original trust your own second church. Your blood flows on in her, and you are inseparable as mother and child. What is yours is hers by birthright, and what is hers is yours as gathering glory. The name of Ferris, which linked you to each other with such unique closeness at her outset, is in a very peculiar sense the property of you both, and the eminent character and record of Dr. Todd belong to you as well as to your child. And so does every later name connected with that pulpit. The cherished names, especially, of Knox and Mabon have come to you from way back in church annals, and from historic ministerial ancestries, for you both to cherish and to keep. The young pastor of the Second Church to-day belongs to you both as a sacred trust. Nor do I forget the relations, descending to you from the long back time, of the churches over along the Nepperhan, the churches of Unionville, Greenburgh, and Greenville. Even the First Church of Yonkers, with which my own ministry has been identified for a third of a century, grew largely out of a suggestion from your sainted Du Bois. Then, too, the host comes up to thought of those who in your own church and in all these churches have accepted the free salvation,— fathers, mothers, children,— hundreds of whom have passed to the other side, and, clothed in white robes

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and carrying victor palms, are hymning, as they go, the glad new song. And one especial memory stirs my nature to the grandest enthusiasm of grateful joy. It is the memory of your sons from all these churches—many in number—who have gone forth to preach the gospel of the blessed Son of God. Even the man who formed you into a church two hundred years ago has two descendants to-day, as I have said, upon our ministerial roll; and the faithful Ritzema is also represented in the ministry of our time by two of his line, one of whom is in our own church. Far-reaching was the act of Domine Bertholf which started your church life in 1697, and gave you your commission in the Master's Name. We of to-day can really *see* what was before him *in hope only*. And very dear friends in Christ, can this bicentennial be otherwise than equally, or even more, far-reaching? Who can foresee to what results its strong momentum may yet carry you? Will you think of this, and ask from this good hour, "Lord, what wilt Thou have us, each and all, to do?"

In closing, let me use with you, with slight changes to suit your locality, words with which I brought to its end my address at the Tappan bicentennial three years ago. They will be as appropriate here as they were there.

You have seen that your church has had a history. The spell of every institution and of every place is in its history. The Holy Land without its Bible history would hardly draw a traveler. The charm that lures to it the never ceasing visitants from every quarter of the earth is in the stories of its Hebron, its Jerusalem, its Bethlehem, its Nazareth, its Capernaum, its inland seas, its mountain crags, its dark Gethsemane, its precious Calvary. It has been my privilege to make two extended tours on the other side of the Atlantic. I have stood within the deep rock-floored, rock-walled, rock-roofed Mamertine prison, within the ruins of the old Coliseum, out on the Ostian way beyond the walls of Rome, on the Piazza della Signoria in Florence, on the broad Place de la Concorde in Paris, on the beautiful square in classic Oxford, within the old Castle of Stirling, upon

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every spot of note in and around Scotland's beautiful capital, within the buildings and grounds of the Tower of London, and everywhere within the noted structures and upon the historic sites of dear old Holland. You will readily imagine that all these places and objects have charms for thoughtful men. But what would the Mamertine prison or the Ostian way have been to me without the history of St. Paul, or the Coliseum if I had never heard of Nero and his wild, insatiate hate of early Christians? What would the Florentine square have been without the story of Savonarola, or the Paris Place without the memory of the French Revolution and its horrors? What would the Oxford street have been without the recall of the names and fates of Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley? What would Stirling Castle, old St. Giles, or Holyrood have been without the story of the lion-hearted John Knox, or the slab in Grey Friar's Church Yard without the memory of the Covenanters? What would the Tower of London have been without the annals of the Elizabethan age, what even old Leyden without the history of the siege of 1573, without the presence of of its noted university, without the spot so dear on which the pastor of the men who came to America in the *Mayflower* in 1620, the famous John Robinson, lived and died? What takes the mind and heart like history? What draws us to this place to-day? Most beautiful it is indeed? No site in all the world is more beautiful than this of Tarrytown, from one or another of whose imposing heights, in addition to its magnificent river views, the eye can command large portions of eight different counties of our Empire State, and mark the borders of New Jersey and Connecticut besides. But are these natural possibilities of this site its leading charm? Run back over your two hundred years, and call up its history—its family struggles, its community life, its church work, its political experience, its great general history. We are brought here to-day by one part of this history—that of this church. There may be people who do not feel the spell of the history of this house, this cemetery, this congregation, But some of us do feel with deep emotion that within a few feet of us, as we are sitting

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here, lie moldering the ashes of the founders of this church, that underneath this sacred floor sleep the remains of the lordly Frederick, and the womanly Margaretta, both "of blessed memory," the "pious" Lady Catharina, the son Adolphus, the grandson Frederick, and all the Philipse family down to the outbreak of the Revolution. We do feel the spell of our nearness to the grave of Thomas Gibson Smith. We do feel the charm of the hundreds of precious names engraven on the stones that stand close up to these walls, within the limits of the old churchyard. We bring before us the days gone by when these now blessed ones sat before this pulpit, and listened to the words of life, as spoken by the pastors who are with them now upon the other side. The story of the early fathers, the record of the early struggles, the magic of the old names, the thought of the sacrifices and the heroism and the work of men and women now all gone across the line, in these is the spell that has brought us together. But of even more than all this we are thinking, as we listen to the order of the day! God in history — Christ in history — this is to us history's controlling factor! Generations die, but God lives on! Struggles and conflicts shake, but God is never shaken! The early generations were ever singing of their known Jehovah — "This God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our Guide unto death." And we, their children, here take up and sing again the same old song. And our children in their turn will follow us and keep it up when we have passed along. Our fathers in history — God in history — this is our glory! A church brought through the fires, yet never burned — to this we are here today to bid God speed in entering on another hundred years of work to the honor of our fathers' God and our God, and to the glory of his holy name.

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BELOW are to be found the names of the original members of the church, and of all who were connected with it from its organization in 1697 up to the year 1715. We give with them the introductory extract from the Second Part of the Old Book of Minutes. It affirms that it contains "the names of all the respective persons, who after Christian examination and exhortation have united themselves and have been received as *members* of Jesus Christ to appear at the table of the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Firstly and before all the Right Hon. Pious, very wise and provident Lady Catharina Philips, widow of Lord Frederick Philips who did here very praiseworthily advance the cause of religion. Furthermore of the church at Philipsburgh.

"ABRAHAM DE REVIERE.
ISAAC SIE, SIEN., and ESTHER, his wife.
ISAAC SIE, JUN.
JOACHIM VAN WERT, and CHRISTYANTYE, his wife.
SYBORET KRANCKHEYT, and MARITIE, his wife.
RYCK ABRAMSSE, and TRYNTJE, his wife.
JAN ECKER, and MAGDALENTJE, his wife.
WOLFFERT ECKER, and MARYTIE, his wife.
JAN FOUSEER, and EVA, his wife.
ANDRIES VAN DYCK, and GRESJE, his wife.
ISAAC VAN DYCK, and BARBER, his wife.
ABRAHAM DE REVIERE, JR., and WEYNTJE, his wife.
GERRIDIT VAN WEERT, and CATHALYNA, his wife.
JAN HART from Switzerland.
DAVID STORM, and ESTHER, his wife.
BARENT DUYTSEN, and MARITJE, his wife.
LODEWYCK ACKERMAN, and HILDEGONDA, his wife.
RACHEL, the wife of THOMAS HEYERT.
DIRCK STORM, and MARIA, his wife.

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JACOB VAN TEXEL, and AELTJE, his wife.
SEBASTIAEN MICHGIELYE, and GALANTE, his wife.
GREGORIS STORM, and ENGELTJE, his wife.
POULUS RUTAN, and ANGELICA, his wife.
PETER SIE, and PIRONELLA, his wife.
JACOBUS SIE, and CATHARINA, his wife.
JAN LOUWRENYE, and MARYTJE, his wife.
JAN VAN TEXEL, and CATHARINA, his wife.
ABRAM DE VAUW, and MEENO, his wife.
GEERTJE, wife of PIETER BUYS.
ANTJE BANCKERT, wife of HENDRICK KRANKHEYT.
BEELLITJE, wife of JACOB VAN WEERT.
LOUWRONS MATHYSE BANCKERT, and NIESJE DE GROOT, his wife.
MARGRITJE, wife of JOSEPH ESCOTH.
WILLEM AERTYEN, daughter of the above.
ABRAM VAN DYCK, and ELIZABETH, his wife.
ANTJE VAN LENT, wife of CAREL DAVIDYEN.
PETER STORM, and MARGRIETJE, his wife.
ANTJE VAN WEERT, wife of SAMUEL CAUCKLE.
HERMAN JURCKYE, and MARIA, his wife.
ANTJE SYBOUT, wife of JAN BEESLY.
ANTJE, wife of HENDRICK CRONKHEYT.
CORNELIUS VAN TEXEL, and ANTJE, his wife.
ANTJE KENINCK, wife of LOUIES BOULE."

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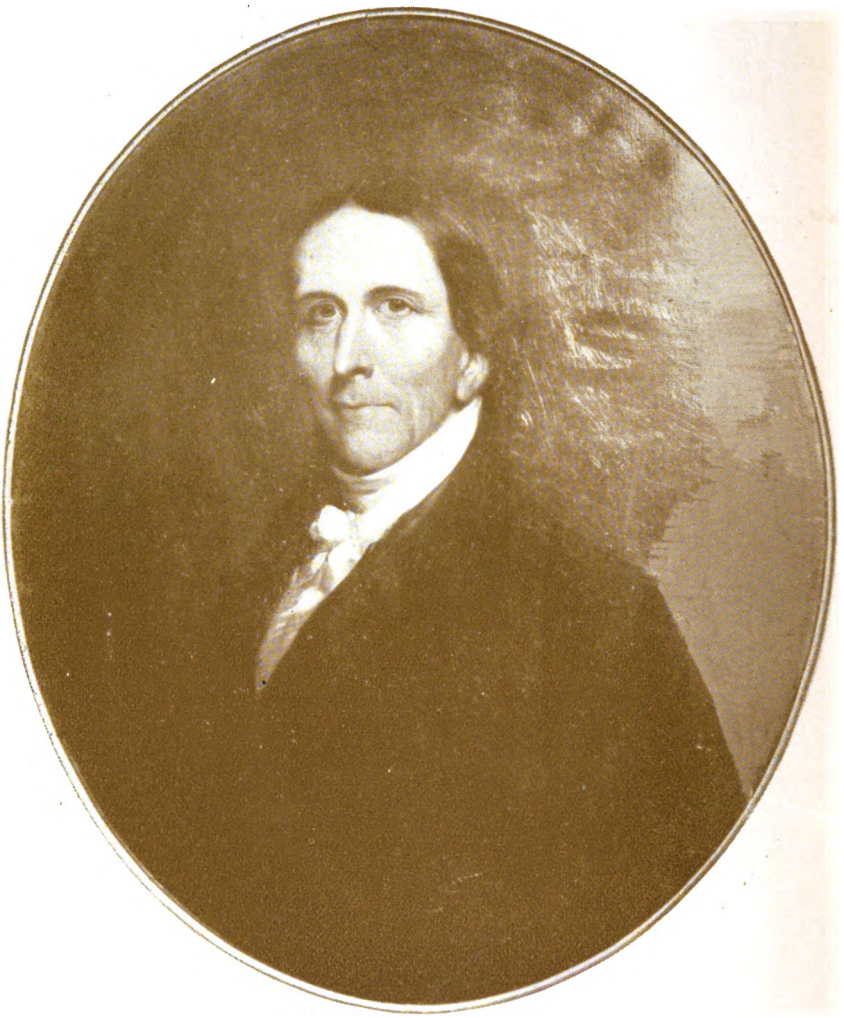

REV. JOHN FRELINGHUYSEN JACKSON.

Pastor from 1791 to 1806.

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The Rev. John Frelinghuysen Jackson.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE BY M. D. RAYMOND.

IT is eminently fit and proper that in addition to the papers given at the recent Bicentennial of the Old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow, a sketch should be presented of the life of its pastor of an hundred years ago, whose memory is still cherished in this neighborhood as among those who did honor to the sacred calling of a minister of the Gospel in those early days, the Rev. John Frelinghuysen Jackson, the fifth pastor of that church.

His refined spirituelle face shows him the scholarly cultured gentleman that he was; a gentleman by birth, by association, and education. When he first came here in 1791, he was a young man just from the schools, and this, conjointly with Harlem, was his first pastorate. His learning and natural dignity from the first commanded respect, and no man thought lightly of him because of his youth.

He was well born, the son of Rev. William Jackson and Anne Frelinghuysen his wife, she the daughter of Rev. John Frelinghuysen, born 1727, the son of Rev. Theodore Jacobus Frelinghuysen, who was the ancestor of Honorable Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, so prominent in his day in that State and in the Nation. His father, Rev. William Jackson, and his grandfather, Rev. John Frelinghuysen, both graduated at Amsterdam, Holland, were distinguished alike for their high character and pulpit eloquence.

His father, Rev. William Jackson, who is spoken of as a second Whitfield, was a son of Patrick Jackson, of New York, who was baptized March 16, 1701, and married Anna Van der Spiegel June 10, 1727. He the son of William Jackson, of Edinburgh, Scotland, and later of New York, where he married Anna Wessels, January 24, 1694. A mingling as will be seen, of good Scotch and Dutch blood. Such was the honorable ancestry of Rev. John Frelinghuysen Jackson.

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Ordained to the ministry in 1790, the first entry made by him in the records of the Old Dutch Church is of the date of February 6, 1791, on which occasion he officiated at the marriage of John Helliker and Laney Van Wart. On November 21, the same year, he officiated at another marriage. Then this entry appears: "Register for children in the Congregation of Tarrytown begun by me, John F. Jackson, January 2, 1792." And then follow sixty-two pages of births and baptisms in his clean, scholarly chirography, including nearly six hundred names. His record of marriages has a similar heading. Also church membership. Everything neat and orderly.

Rev. Mr. Jackson's connection with this church ceased in April, 1806, but he was appointed to preach here on the third Sunday in July following, and on the third Sundays of January and February, 1807, while in the meantime he was supplying the pulpits of the Reformed Churches at Fordham and Cortlandt. He stood in his place, and went wherever duty seemed to call him, as a faithful minister of the Gospel.

The following high tribute to Rev. Mr. Jackson is by REV. DR. E. T. CORWIN *in his Manual of the Reformed Dutch Church in America.*

"Jackson, John Frelinghuysen (son of Rev. William Jackson), born at Bergen, 1768; Queen's College, 1788; studied under Livingston, licensed by Synod of R. D. Church, 1790. Harlem and Philipsburgh, 1792–1806; Fordham, 1819–1836. He was early introduced into the ministry, and for nearly half a century served the Master with singular consistency, faithfulness, and zeal. He was a man of sound, experimental, practical piety, of great simplicity of character and singleness of heart, and of self-denying humility. Of men he sought neither praise nor recompense. Possessed of ample resources, his services to the Church were rendered, throughout his life, almost gratuitously. An act of distinguished liberality manifests his attachment to the Church. His life, if not brilliant, was filled up with laborious usefulness. When on the verge of the grave, he was all self-renunciation, humility, faith, gratitude, hope, and joy."

The following very interesting data are taken from "Riker's Harlem":

"Rev. J. F. Jackson, a son of Rev. Wm. Jackson, whose father Patrick Jackson, was a son of William Jackson from Edinburgh, Scotland, a zealous Presbyterian who came out to East Jersey in 1685, with George Scot, Laird of Pitlochie, and settled in New York, where he married, in 1694, Anna, daughter of Dr. Hartman Wessels. Rev. John F. Jackson married Hannah, daughter of John Horn, widow of Peter Benson, by whom were two children, Feb. 2, 1804. He built and occupied till his death, which occurred March 26, 1836, in his 68th year, the stately frame house on 114th Street, between 2d and 3d Avenue, afterward occupied by his widow and her daughter, Mrs. Anna Maria Belden."

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In regard to William Jackson from Edinburgh, Scotland, above named, and the first of that family in this country, and the ancestor of Rev. John F. Jackson, the following interesting facts were related by REV. DR. HOWARD CROSBY *in his address at the 250th Anniversary of the Collegiate Reformed Church of New York:*

"In the month of January, 1707, a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman from Maryland, who had arrived in the city, desired to hold public services according to the form of worship of that denomination, but this did not meet with the favor of Lord Cornbury, the Colonial Governor, whereupon Mr. William Jackson fearlessly and nobly opened his own house on Pearl Street for such services, and then and there was this powerful and influential Church first organized in this city. For this act that Presbyterian clergyman was imprisoned for two months." Mr. Jackson was also threatened with arrest. And that was the beginning of that Church in New York. It is of interest in this connection to know that the house referred to, where these services were held, is still standing, and in the possession of the family, — the descendants of Wm. Jackson,— in whom the title has now vested for over two hundred years.

This pen picture of Domine Jackson is from DR. ALLEN'S *Historical Address on the Old Dutch Church, delivered before the Tarrytown Historical Society several years since:*

"The Rev. John F. Jackson was pastor from the year 1791 to the year 1806. He was held in high repute by his ministerial brethren, but was not altogether popular with the people. He is described as a tall, fine-looking man, but the people thought him very proud. He powdered his hair and was always patting it, and never spoke to any of his flock whom he met by the way. He lived in Harlem and rode up on horseback on Saturdays. His old horse, Snap, is still remembered. Stopping with his parishioners, he was accustomed to order his horse put up, and when he wanted him again he would order him up. The troubles between him and the people seem to have increased, and when he left, it was evidently with a sore heart, as is shown by the last hymn which he gave out to be sung at the last service. It was the 120th Psalm of the old collection:

"'Thou God of love, Thou ever blessed,'"

This from REV. ABEL T. STEWART'S *Historical Discourse:*

"Rev. John F. Jackson began his ministry here and at Harlem in the fall of 1791. These churches formed his first and united charge, and he continued in it until the spring of 1806. He was called to Fordham in 1819, where he died as pastor in 1836."

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The following is from REV. DR. TODD *in Scharf's History:*

"It was the Rev. John F. Jackson, the 5th in this list, of whom the tradition is still repeated that when he was about to leave the church on account of some trouble that grew out of the too free use of his tongue by a member of the consistory, the Domine, in his last public service, gave out to be sung Watts' paraphrase of the 120th Psalm. He read all the six stanzas with great force of elocution, but when he came to the fifth he entered into the spirit of it with peculiar interest, and, turning around, he looked significantly down upon the consistory man whose unruly member had caused the trouble, while he pronounced the words in sonorous tones:

"'Now passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong:
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!'"

That Rev. Mr. Jackson made his residence here in Tarrytown from the beginning of his ministry until his marriage in 1804 is an interesting fact, and abundantly substantiated. He made his home with the family of David Storm, in the house which is still standing on Broadway, now owned and occupied by our honored and esteemed fellow-citizen, D. O. Archer, formerly president of this village, and a great-grandson of David Storm, which has been known these many years as the Archer place. Mr. D. O. Archer well remembers Domine Jackson — as he was always called in those days — and his visits there, long after he had ceased to be the pastor of the Old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow; for he used to come up several times a year to look after his farm property near here, the old Paulding place at East Tarrytown, which he had purchased in 1794, and continued to own until his death. He, then a lad, was often called upon to take care of the Domine's horse, and bring it out harnessed and ready for driving, always, as he remembers, receiving from him a liberal "tip" for such service.

Rev. Mr. Jackson was a great friend of the Archer family, and the father, Mr. John Archer, was frequently invited to call at his house in Harlem, when on his way to New York. While living with the Storms family he occupied as his study what is now the dining-room in the Archer residence, and there he married many a couple during his pastorate here. These statements of Mr. Archer are fully corroborated by his sister, Mrs. Strange, also of this village, who says of Domine Jackson, "He was a splendid type of a man, and my father was greatly attached to him." Certainly this association of Domine Jackson with the Storm-Archer residence, one of the few old pre-Revolutionary historic houses still remaining in Tarrytown, is a fact of no little local interest. And also the further fact that as early as 1794 he

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had purchased the farm formerly owned by Joost Paulding, who was connected with the old Dutch Church, prior to 1710, and was the ancestor of John Paulding of André capture fame.

Scharf's History of Westchester County says:

"In 1792, Rev. Mr. Jackson, who had been sent out by the New York Classis to visit the church at Cortlandtown, and report on its condition, stated that he had found that the congregation had lost their church, were diminished in numbers, and were greatly scattered. The church was destroyed by fire about the time of Mr. Jackson's visit, and it is probable that it is to that event he refers in speaking of the loss of the church. To Mr. Jackson is due the credit of having done much towards reëstablishing the congregation."

The will of Rev. J. F. Jackson, made Dec. 12, 1835, with codicil dated March 5, 1836, was proven May 2, 1836, he having died on the 26th of March. By its nearly thirty provisions he disposed of a very large estate. In it he speaks of himself as "I, John F. Jackson, of Harlem, in the 12th Ward of the City of New York, Minister of the Gospel," etc. Besides to his wife Hannah, he bequeathed valuable property in different parts of the city, and several thousand dollars in money, to each of his five children, to wit: His sons, Theodore F. and Dr. Wm. H. Jackson, and his daughters, Maria, wife of Dr. Lewis Belden, Margaret, the wife of Dr. Edgar F. Peck, and Catherine Eliza, who afterwards married Mr. Frederick E. Westbrook, son of Rev. Dr. Cornelius Dupuy Westbrook, of Fishkill and Kingston. Mrs. Chas. J. Gould (Anna Westbrook Gould), whose elegant home, "Suncliff," is at Tarrytown, is the only surviving child of Catherine Eliza Jackson and the Mr. Westbrook above noted. Her aged father, Hon. Frederick E. Westbrook of New York, still survives.

Rev. Mr. Jackson also by his will donated the ground for a new Reformed Dutch Church on 21st Street with the proviso that it should be built upon within two years. His widow also made liberal provision towards it, and the church, of which Rev. Dr. Bethune was at one time pastor, was erected, but was afterwards disposed of, it is said, in violation of the spirit if not the letter of the trust.

Mrs. Hannah Jackson, widow of Rev. J. F. Jackson, made a will date of April 11, 1850, by which she distributed a large amount of property to her four surviving children by her second marriage, to the daughter of her deceased son, Theodore F. Jackson, and to her two children by her first marriage, to wit: Wilhelmina Van Arsdale and Benjamin P. Benson. The latter, who married Anna Ferris, of Peekskill, has a son, Eugene Benson, a distinguished artist who resides abroad.

By this will of Mrs. Jackson, the fine portrait of Mr. Jackson by Inman, a photo copy of which is produced with this sketch, was given to

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her son, Dr. William H. Jackson, by whose family it is still held as a highly prized treasure.

Dr. William H. Jackson left surviving five daughters: Margaret A., Emily S., Anna H., who married Rev. William Walton Rutherfurd, Adelaide R., and Louisa F. Jackson, all of New York.

Mrs. Belden left one daughter, Anna Belden, now Mrs. James W. Randell, of New York, who was a liberal subscriber to the fund for the bicentennial repairs to the Old Dutch Church.

The explanation of how this large holding of real estate, which included one hundred acres in the city of New York, came into the possession of Rev. John F. Jackson, was found in the will of his father, Rev. William Jackson, also on file in the Surrogate's office of the city of New York, dated, January 1, 1811. In it he describes himself as a Minister of the Gospel, of Bergen, N. J., and after giving annuities to his sons Patrick and Theodore F., he gives "all my real estate which is in the city of New York, which I have inherited from my late father, Patrick Jackson," to his sons Henry and Rev. John F. Jackson. And then the Widow Benson, whom he married, and whose father's residence was on the site of the present Fifth Avenue Hotel, also inherited a large property. Hence the valuable estate bequeathed to their descendants.

The preparation of this sketch has involved some labor and research, but it has been a grateful task to pay a just tribute to the memory of this faithful man of God, and to a beautiful life which still bears fruitage of good in many hearts and homes, and in other communities than the one to which he gave his first and most devoted service, but long will the fragrance of his name attach to the Old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow, and long will memories of him there linger.

The Rev. Thomas Gibson Smith.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE BY M. D. RAYMOND.

REV. THOMAS G. SMITH, the successor of Domine Jackson, was a unique and interesting character of the olden times. In the length of his period of service, and in the impress he made upon that church and this community, he is without a peer in the annals of the Old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow. It is said that he was lacking somewhat in polish and culture, but he was preëminently a man for those rougher times, and his powerful presentation of scriptural truth was most effective. He was social in his nature, genial and kindly;

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but he knew no favor, no fear, and did not hesitate to declare the full counsel of God.

Mr. Smith was born at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1756, and came to this country in 1774. It is said that he had received his education at Oxford, and soon after his arrival here he engaged in school teaching. On the breaking out of the Revolution he enlisted in the patriot cause, and, as the military records of this State show, was for a time a lieutenant in Colonel Wisner's Orange County Regiment. A present living grandson, Wm. Melancthon Smith Garrison, of Elizabeth, N. J., whose name is on the baptismal records of the Old Dutch Church, and who lived with his grandfather for several years when a boy, well remembers hearing him tell of his services in the Revolution.

After the war was over Mr. Smith again followed school teaching up in Orange County, and it was at or near Little Britain in that county that he found his wife. Mrs. Smith's name before marriage is believed to have been Jemima Allen, the name given one of her daughters who is buried by her side in the rear of the old church. Another one lying there — they died within two days of each other, and both were buried in one grave — was named Mary De Witt, in honor of De Witt Clinton, the intimate friend and fellow townsman of Mr. Smith, at Little Britain, and who once visited him at Tarrytown after he became distinguished.

It is said that it was after his marriage that he decided to engage in the work of the ministry, and that his wife aided him in the undertaking. After a course of theological studies with Rev. Dr. John Mason of New York, he was licensed to preach by the Associate Reformed Church, and was ordained as pastor of the church at Little Britain, Orange County, N. Y., May 6, 1791.

As showing his intimate relation with Rev. Dr. Mason and his family, it is of interest to note the fact that he was moderator of the meeting called to ordain Rev. John M. Mason as the successor of his father, then deceased, held in March, 1793. But it was Rev. Dr. John Mason, the father, and not the son, Rev. John M. Mason, as erroneously stated by Dr. Corwin, who was Rev. Thomas G. Smith's instructor in theology.

Rev. Mr. Smith's pastoral relations with the church at Little Britain were dissolved May 14, 1800, when he removed to Esopus, Ulster Co., where he remained until his coming to Tarrytown, during which period he also had charge of the church at Hurley.

The following, concerning the call conjointly extended to Rev. Thomas G. Smith by the Old Dutch Church of this place, and the Presbyterian Church at Greenburgh, is copied from the records of the New York Classis.

At a meeting of the Classis held January 5, 1808, an address from a number of members of the Presbyterian Congregation and Church in the town of Greenburgh, Westchester County, was presented to the Classis by Geo. Combs, Esq., in which they claim their attachment to

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the Doctrines, Government, and usages of the Reformed Dutch Church and request that they may be permitted to unite with the Dutch Church of Tarrytown in making a call upon the Rev. Thomas G. Smith, upon such principles and by such means or measures as the Classis may deem proper. After minute inquiries into the state and situation of the said Presbyterian Congregational Church, the Classis decide most cheerfully that the members of that church may enjoy the benefit of Mr. Smith's labors, if he should come among them, to such extent and proportion as the Church at Tarrytown may consent and determine upon, conditioned that the individuals who subscribe for the salary prove punctual in paying the same. But as the church at Greenburgh is legally incorporated, and the Trustees of the corporation hold some property as a Presbyterian Congregational Church, which property, name and relation they are not willing as yet to alter or change, it was

Resolved, That the Classis cannot interfere in anything that has respect to other denominations, and therefore decline giving any advice to a people who are at liberty to follow their own choice; but the Classis advised and directs the Church at Tarrytown if they proceed in their intended call, to make it in their own name, but they are at full liberty to agree that Mr. Smith may perform half of his services at Greenburgh, or as much as they may agree with the people there to be the proportion of their respective subscriptions, leaving all future arrangements respecting the organization of a regular Reformed Church at that place to the future choice of the people and the present administration of Mr. Smith.

Ordered, that a copy of this minute be given to Mr. (Thomas) Boyce, the Elder from Tarrytown.

At a meeting of Classis held January 26, 1808, a call from the Reformed Dutch Church of Tarrytown on the Rev. Thomas G. Smith was presented for the approbation of Classis; which call being read and found regular was approved, and ordered to be handed by the said Church to Mr. Smith, with the fervent prayer of the Classis that he may be directed in the path of duty, and that the blessing of the Lord may rest abundantly upon him and the Church of Tarrytown.

At a meeting of Classis held in New York, September 5, 1808, the Rev. Thomas G. Smith presented a certificate from the Classis of Ulster and recommendations to this Classis, whereupon Mr. Smith was received and took his seat. Ordered, that measures be taken for the instalment of Mr. Smith in the pastoral charge of the Church at Tarrytown, and that Dr. Abeel, or in case of his being prevented then the Rev. Jeremiah Romeyn, be appointed to perform the service in the name of this Classis on the second Sabbath in October next.

THE OLD SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Below is published the subscription list on which the call to Rev. Thomas G. Smith was based, copied from the original, now in the pos-

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session of the writer. The time-worn paper contains the autographs of many of those prominent here in the early days, and is a very interesting document:

We, the subscribers, do severally promise to pay to the Rev'd Thomas Smith or to the person who shall be appointed to collect the same, the respective sums annexed to our respective names, and to pay the same yearly, and each and every year for his salary and support for and during his continuance in the Pastoral care and Charge of Reformed Dutch Church of Mt. Pleasant, or Phillipsburgh; the one-half of the time to preach in the Dutch Church, and the other half in the New Meeting House.

October, 1807.

NAMES.	£	s.
Thomas Storm	0	8
W. Edgar Minnerly	2	
B. Swartwout	1	12
Wm. Dykman		12
Abraham See	1	1
William Tompkins	1	9
James See	1	
John See		12
John Devoe	1	4
Jacob Devoe		16
Talman Orser		10
Honiwill Orser	1	0
Abram Foshee	0	8
Stevin Powels	0	6
Abram Lent	0	8
Joel Nap	0	8
William Hunt	3	4
Jonathan Odell	2	8
Elizabeth Storms		16
Mary Martling	0	8
Thomas F. Boyce	1	0
Thomas Boyce	6	0
Isaac Van Wart	6	0
John Van Wart	4	0
Jacob Couenhoven	6	0
David Martlings	6	0
William Ruton	2	0
Abraham See	——	
Abraham Martlings, Jr.	——	
Abraham Martlings	——	

NAMES.	£	s.
William Van Wart	1	0
John Foshea	2	0
William Yerkes	1	12
States Hammon	3	0
John Boyc	0	12
Elijah Conkling	0	8
John Archer	1	12
Mikel Man	1	12
Henry Purdy	4	0
Wm. Dutcher	2	8
Catrina Dutcher	0	8
William Odell	1	0
Jasper Stymes	2	0
Daniel Willse	1	10
Abraham Van Tassel	1	0
William Paulding	1	0
Mary Van Wart	0	16
James Hammond, Jr	1	0
Daniel Ackerman	0	16
Isaac Van Wart	0	16
Edward Couenhoven	0	16
John Dutcher	2	0
David Hammond	1	0
Pet Janacer	0	10
William Van Wart	0	16
William Cronk	0	8
Rachel Van Wart	0	8
Thomas Powel	2	0
John Dubon	0	8
—— See	0	16

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NAMES.	£	s.	NAMES.	£	s
—— Buckhout	2	0	David Ackerman	0	16
—— Wildey	0	16	Peter Bont	0	8
Jonathan Bayles	0	16	Gabriel Beaumont	0	16
Jacob Acker	0	6	Solomon Brewer	0	8
Thos. Boyce, Jr	0	16	Dennis Cronk	0	16
Daniel Dutcher	1	8	John Helliker	0	8
Henry Van Wart	1	4	John Boyce	0	8
William Van Tassel	2	0	Daniel Conkling	0	16
Henry Wolsey	0	8	Elisha Hart	4	0
John Romer	1	12	Nicholas Storms	2	8
James Lent	0	8	Gilbert Fisher	1	0
Daniel Hammon	1	0	Sara See	0	4
Henry Hammond	1	0	William See	0	4
John Remsen	0	8	James See	1	8
James Lent	0	8			

And it was in response to the call so extended that Rev. Thomas G. Smith came to Tarrytown, and assumed the pastorate of the Old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow, and also took charge of the Greenburgh Presbyterian Church and congregation, at present Elmsford, over which he continued to preside until 1820. He soon after organized the Reformed Church at Unionville, of which he continued to have charge until his death in 1837. He also preached every third Sabbath from 1820 to 1822 at the Court House, White Plains, for the Presbyterian congregation of that place, besides preaching at Greenville, and holding occasional meetings at the noted Odell Inn at Abbotsford, and at private houses throughout his widely extended parish. Miss Landrine, a daughter of Deacon Wm. Landrine, who was a prominent member and officer of the Old Dutch Church during Mr. Smith's pastorate, and who then lived at what had been known as the Reed house of Revolutionary days, well remembers how Rev. Mr. Smith, accompanied by his eccentric wife, often stopped there on their way to and from service on Sunday afternoons at the Church in Unionville. Then prayer-meetings, largely attended by people in all the country round, were often held there. And it was in that house, as Miss Landrine remembers, that the first Missionary Society of the Old Dutch Church was organized by Domine Smith.

Domine Smith was preëminently a man of the people, and commanded universal respect. Patriotism was a part of his religion, and he was not only a soldier of the Revolution, but he was also the chaplain of the first regiment of volunteer infantry organized under the call of the President of the United States, date of November 2, 1808. He is said to have made a commendable public address upon the "issues of the hour," to a large gathering of the citizens assembled at the corner of Broadway and Main Street, opposite the old Couenhoven Inn,

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on the occasion of the War in 1812. He was also a welcome participant and prominent speaker at the Fourth of July celebrations frequently held at the famous hostelry of Colonel Jonathan Odell, on the old Post Road, present Broadway, just below Irvington, where the patriotic veterans of 1776 occupied the seats of honor. And so he was in every sense a stalwart leader in the church militant.

But he was a man of affairs as well as a noted preacher, and soon after coming here purchased the Peter Van Tassel farm in the Saw Mill River valley, and which he continued to hold until shortly before his death. He also owned a valuable property in Tarrytown, where he resided. He evidently thought that the laborer was worthy of his hire, and that the accumulation of substance was no violation of ministerial ethics.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith may not have been entirely congenial. They were, perhaps, each too strong in their individuality to always harmonize. She had a masterful mind; but at the close of her life was erratic and manifestly unbalanced. Her familiarity with the Scriptures was wonderful, and it is said that she sometimes corrected him as she sat in her large chair in front of the pulpit during his ministrations, and brought him to book if she thought him in error. But she walked to church in her home-made dimity, while he rode in state in his two-wheeled chair.

Rev. Dr. J. K. Allen, in his address before the Tarrytown Historical Society, entitled "The Old Church of Sleepy Hollow," delivered June 12, 1890, *makes the following reference to Mr. Smith:*

"The Rev. Thomas G. Smith was the pastor for thirty years. In dress and manners he was the precise opposite of his predecessor, and has been described as covered with snuff from head to foot. He had a great affliction in a termagant wife. She sometimes locked him in the house when it was time for him to go to church, and the waiting flock wondered why the shepherd did not appear. Sometimes, while he was preaching, she would enjoy herself by driving his horse up and down the road. When she came to church she always carried a pillow. And she was always loud and unceasing in her complaints to the church and its officers of the faults and shortcomings of her husband. This good-humored, able-bodied man with his slovenly dress, for which perhaps she was in part responsible, seemed to bear it all with a good deal of equanimity. He was very popular, and crowds came to hear him preach. He was a Scotchman, with a Scotchman's humor."

Domine Smith's wife, Jemima, died in April, 1831, in her eighty-second year, as stated on her tombstone in the rear of the old Dutch Church, thus being six years his senior, a fact which may have accounted for some of their incongruities.

None of Rev. and Mrs. Smith's seven children, all daughters, were born in Tarrytown. Two of them, Mary DeWitt and Jemima Allen

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Smith, aged nineteen and sixteen years, who died September 24, and 26, 1813, are buried beside him in the rear of the Old Church. Five surviving daughters are named in his will, an original and unique document, date of December 5, 1834, in order as follows: Gracey Burnet, Catharine Squire, Thirza Scriver, Eliza Dilks, and Martha Yerks. It was an interesting bevy of daughters that Mr. Smith brought with him to Tarrytown, and they were soon and eagerly sought in marriage, four of them at least having been twice married. Several grandchildren still survive, including William Melancthon Smith Garrison, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, Mrs. John Bailey, of Pleasantville, and Mrs. Gilbert Griffin, of Bedford Station, Westchester County. He gave his real and personal estate to his five daughters in equal shares, and directed that his Greek, Hebrew, Latin, French and Dutch books be packed in a box and carefully kept until some one should arise in the family that they would be valuable to. It is believed that they came into the possession of his grandson, Smith Scriver, who studied for the ministry and died many years ago in Sullivan County.

Characterization of Domine Smith is not wanting. Probably no person living has so vivid a recollection of him as his grandson, William M. S. Garrison, he having lived with him from the time he was two years old until he was seventeen. In fact, as he says, he knew no other father, and most considerate, and loving was he to him. "In my estimation I never knew a better man. He was kind every way and everywhere." His grandmother sometimes administered the rod of correction, but his grandfather never. Although so stern in doctrine and theory, he was merciful and gentle in practice. He was a great lover of music, had a powerful bass voice, and the bass-viol on which he used to play is still in existence. His preaching, though not sensational, was full of feeling, powerful in denunciation of sin and strong in appeal to the sinner. His reputation was far extended, and it is said that captains of river craft sometimes came ashore at Tarrytown with their crews to attend his revival meetings. Miss Landrine says: "Domine Smith was a large man, and rather careless in his personal appearance, but a very smart preacher. Was a great man to be called to attend funerals and marriages. Was thought a great deal of, and often called Father Smith."

If Domine Smith had his enemies he never turned aside for them, but rather gloried in meeting them on their own ground. Of the affair connected with his trial at the Greenburgh Church about 1820, Rev. Abel T. Stewart says: "It is now acknowledged on all sides that he was greatly persecuted. In the trial to which he was subjected his enemies met with a perfect defeat. When he preached his last sermon it was from the words: 'Your house shall be left unto you desolate.'" After such a complete vindication nothing further need be said of the matter, other than that from that time on until his death he continued to grow in the esteem and respect of all this people.

That he was largely successful in his ministry has been abundantly

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shown. So far as appears from the records of the Old Dutch Church, there were five hundred and fifty births and baptisms during Rev. Mr. Smith's ministry, and up to December, 1817, there had been one hundred and ninety-five members received into its communion. Unfortunately, after that date, and until the close of his life in 1837, a period of nearly twenty years, no record was made of church admissions, although the number is known to have been very large. So his labors were fruitful and efficient.

Miss Landrine remembers the last sermon preached by Mr. Smith. It was on the occasion of the death of her uncle, Mr. Jesse Bishop. It was in October or November, previous to his death, which occurred the following spring. He was then in failing health, but he said he wanted to preach a sermon on Mr. Bishop's death. It was in the Old Dutch Church, and she was present and heard it. She remembers his death, and also the death of Mrs. Smith, which occurred several years previous. On both occasions her father was one of the bearers.

His death occurred April 10, 1837. A living grandson well remembers attending his funeral. It was held in the old Dutch Church, and was a great occasion.

Action of Classis on His Death.

The following is an extract from the proceedings of the New York Classis at a meeting held April 18th, 1837, on the occasion of Domine Smith's death:

Information having been received by the Classis of the decease of Rev. Thomas G. Smith, one of the Ministers of this Classis, it was

Resolved, That a minute be prepared to be recorded in the proceedings of the Classis, expressive of their affectionate and respectful remembrance of their deceased Father.

The Rev. Thomas G. Smith departed this life at Tarrytown on the evening of Monday, the 10th inst., in the 82d year of his age. He had been for 29 years associated with this Classis as pastor of the church at Tarrytown. Introduced into the Ministry in the Associate Reformed Church, he was first settled in one of their congregations at Little Britain, Orange County. He then entered into the Reformed Dutch Church and settled at Esopus, Ulster County, where he remained until he removed to Tarrytown, where he died, having been a Minister of the Reformed Dutch Church a little more than forty years.

Father Smith was strongly attached to the distinguishing doctrines of of the Church in which he was born, and the Church of his adoption. His preaching was richly evangelical in sentiment, and peculiarly experimental and practical in character, so as to be highly acceptable to experimental Christians. He was favored with several seasons of revival

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during his long Ministry. Favored with a strong natural constitution of body and mind, he continued in the active and unremitting discharge of the duties of his Ministry until within a few months of his death.

The Classis with mournful pleasure here record the high estimation with which they regarded him in life, and the affectionate remembrance with which they cherish his memory in death.

This warm tribute and eulogy evince the high esteem in which he was held by his cotemporaries and associates in the Ministry.

To the end he was faithful and true. No new theology with its fine spun theories dimmed his clear vision; no lack of faith weakened his arm. His voice gave forth no uncertain sound. Like a true Christian Knight he kept his armor bright, and for a targe held firm his red-cross shield, until at last they laid him down to sleep near by the walls of the dear Old Church he loved so well.

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